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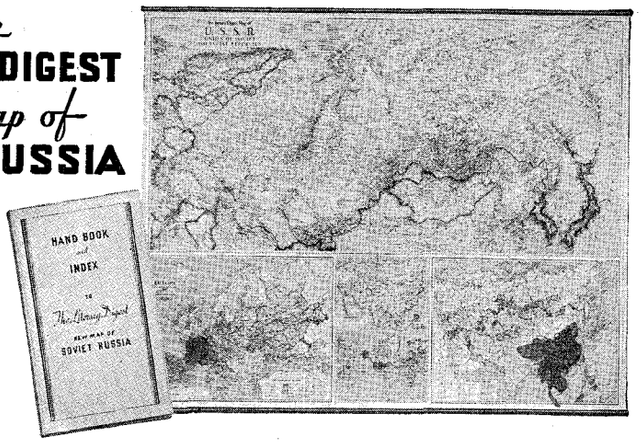

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The Literary Digest

FOR AUGUST 1, 1936

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Mail

Thank You

Sir:—I read, with interest, the article in this week's LITERARY DIGEST on the Church Pensions, and I congratulate you and your associates on it.

I feel sure that it will help the cause and I would like to have some additional copies for distribution. Will you kindly have twenty-five copies sent to me with a bill, and I will remit to cover the cost.

GEORGE A. HUGGINS,
Consulting Actuary for the pension funds of eighteen religious denominations.
Philadelphia.

Sir:—I am much interested in the book and poetry pages. To me, these pages are among the best offerings in the magazine. Keep them up. The poetry chosen is of a wide variety and from a variety of magazines, and it is all interesting; so are the pictures of the poets.

Norfolk, Virginia. HUGH DALZELL.

Quakers

Sir:—Are we to understand that your recent picture of Quaker bathing beauties meant that the Friends have at last discarded their rigid ideals of modesty in dress?

St. Louis. JOE WHITE.

Sir:—Your July 18 article about modern Quakers was a complete surprize to me. Until I read it, I thought all the men looked like

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THE BRITISH SALUTE TO PEACE

—Battenfield in the Chicago Daily Times

the statue of William Penn on Philadelphia's city hall and that all the women wore long gray dresses, funny gray bonnets and had downcast eyes. It seems that I was wrong.

AGATHA DAVIS.

Pittsburgh.

Blank Cartridges

Sir:—Reference to your article "Death by Bullets" in THE LITERARY DIGEST of July 18:

In the past fifteen years I have read numerous articles on the subject of executions by shooting. Without fail every one of them has included that portion, as in your article, of one of the rifles being loaded with a blank cartridge, this in order that no one in the firing squad can be absolutely certain that he was one of the executioners.

How such a silly idea can continue to persist, especially with the millions of men in this country who have fired both ball and blank cartridges, is beyond understanding.

No one who has ever fired a ball cartridge from a rifle could ever fire a blank cartridge from the same caliber rifle and not be able to distinguish the difference in recoil. Furthermore, even from behind the rifle the sound of the report is easily distinguishable between ball and blank.

GEORGE W. DICKERSON.

Alexandria, Louisiana.

[The United States Army Ordnance Department informs us that the noise of several guns going off together would prevent the difference in reports from being noticeable.

The Department adds, however, that altho any man detailed to a firing squad would easily be able to detect the lack of recoil when firing a blank cartridge, the mental strain of the execution is presumed to be great enough to prevent the man who fired the blank cartridge from realizing it.—EDITOR.]

Wants Poll

Sir:—I agree whole-heartedly with Mr. H. M. Todd, the gentleman who asked for the Presidential Poll. I believe it is the most interesting and fascinating contribution to the varied columns of your magazine. It is a commendable project which I shall support with untiring zeal in my humble editorials.

You and your staff deserve great commendation in your laborious efforts.

ROBERT G. HAYWARD, JR.
Editor, *The Iota.*

University City, Missouri.

Wage Rates

Sir:—In your article on "Steel Unions" you state that wages are as high as $12 to $15 a day, but you omit what is most important, that the average wage is about $16 a week.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

Newark, New Jersey.

[According to figures supplied by the National Industrial Conference Board, the average wages throughout the iron and steel industry per week, as computed for May, 1936, are $26.89.

The average wage for unskilled workers is $18.50.—EDITOR.]

Hospitalization

Sir:—The free hospitalization outlined in the July 11 number of THE LITERARY DIGEST is fine if it will work out.

According to the reports of the Committee on High Costs of Medical Care, Publication No. 7, fixed charges do not include running expense. At an annual operating cost of only $1,000 per bed at least $18,000,000,000 would be needed to finance hospital service in the 7,000 hospitals.

What would happen to these 3c a day associations if the country had an epidemic such as it had in 1918? They would go broke, wouldn't they, and possibly suits would be brought for damages because hospital service could not be provided according to contract.

G. M. RUSSELL, M. D.

[Frank Van Dyk, Managing Director of the Associated Hospitals Service of New York, asserts: "Every hospital insurance plan in the country that I know about has sufficient reserves to meet an epidemic if it were no worse than that of 1918. The influenza epidemic increased hospital cases only twenty per cent for the entire year of 1918."—EDITOR.]

Tennis at Sea

Sir:—On page 49 of the June 6 issue, some one blundered regarding tennis on board ships.

I quote from the article: "Its invention, reaching a new high in the three full-size courts of the Cunard White Star *Queen Mary*, represents the greatest achievement in the seventy-year history of sports at sea."

The *Queen Mary* has no full-size tennis court, but this "new high" has been achieved on the *Normandie*.

With the one exception of the *Empress of Britain*, I know of no other ship that boasts a full, regulation-size tennis court.

CLAY MORGAN,
Publicity Manager, French Line.

New York.

[Mr. Morgan is correct. The *Queen Mary's* three courts are for deck-tennis, played with a rubber ring, not with racket and ball, as is done aboard the French Liner *Normandie*.—EDITOR.]

Drought

Sir:—I have read with much interest your account of the drought situation in your issue dated July 18. It is the most accurate account of conditions yet published by a magazine with a national circulation equal to that of THE DIGEST.

No county, it is safe to say, is harder hit than Williams, in North Dakota. This is the sixth year that crops have been totally destroyed either by lack of rain, rust or grasshoppers.

It is difficult to understand why farmers remain where the outlook is so hopeless. Having witnessed these many crop failures with their shortage of feed, starving cattle, dry wells and what not, one has a clearer picture of the tremendous odds against the farmers here. One realizes the spirit of these people, that indomitable desire to be independent. Each spring optimism and hope returns and even now, when many face, as you have said, actual starvation, one hears frequently, "Well, next year should be a real bumper year."

As long as that spirit exists, nothing short of death itself will destroy the farmers' faith in this semidesert region.

TED SORENSEN,
Manager, Williams County Farmers Press.

Williston, North Dakota.

Sir:—I notice on page 3, DIGEST of July 18, a picture showing "victims of the drought, facing death and desolation, make their escape as best they can."

They must have "escaped" in January, as they have their furs on and seem to be escaping to the next filling station.

The other picture on the same page is nothing new, as a picture like this could have been taken any year for fifty years back.

I was wondering if the winds, drought and heat have only occurred since the Democrats got in?

C. O. MARDORF.

Espanola, New Mexico.

Art Tours

Sir:—I feel you should know the results from your story on our Art Tours in the issue of June 27.

We have received a great number of inquiries from all parts of the country, asking for our programs, and for permission to accompany the Tours when the writers come on visits to New York.

Last week, a group of twenty teachers of art from Pennsylvania schools descended on us *en masse.*

We feel much encouraged to know that THE LITERARY DIGEST, like New York City's free WPA Art Tours, is trying to let the people of America know about the art which abounds in our country.

MILTON ROBERTS,
Director, Art Tours School of Industrial Art.

New York.

Bull-Fights

Sir:—Your story in a recent issue entitled "Happy Spaniards" intrigued me. Allow me to compliment the writer on his success in lending it a realistic atmosphere. I could almost see those bulls dashing down Madrid's old streets and hear their bellowing.

All of which leads me to this thought: Why don't we in this country have a living sport like bull-fighting in Spain, instead of wasting millions of dollars on baseball. Of course, our conservative-minded public and the militant denominations are going to raise Cain even at the mention of such an idea.

I know such a sport would be considered cruel, inhumane, and the S.P.C.A. societies would get busy raising the cry of cruelty. But, if I may say so, what is more cruel than prize-fighting, even tho we have developed a

(Continued on page 40)

The Lexicographer's Easy Chair

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

As this Department receives a great many more inquiries than it can publish, only such of these as appeal to the Editors as of general interest to the greatest number of Readers are printed.

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

envy.—"H. C. H.," Miami, Fla.—*Envy* denotes an ill will toward another because of his possessions or attributes; it amounts to a covetous desire for the possessions or attributes of another. One does not *envy* a wealth, or a legibility; but one does *envy* a person *for* his wealth, or *envy* the legibility *of* a writer. If the personal element is omitted, another verb must be substituted. Hence, one may *covet* wealth, or *desire, long for, wish* legibility.

π.—"A. M. K. H.," Brooklyn, N. Y.—The Greek letter π (*pi*) is a term arbitrarily used by mathematicians to indicate the ratio between the circumference of a circle and its diameter. This ratio is a constant, applicable to any circle of any diameter; that is, the length of the circumference will always be its diameter multiplied by π.

For ordinary purposes, the value of the constant π is taken as 3.14, sometimes merely as 3⅐. For more accurate work, the value is taken as 3.1416. Rarely is a greater accuracy than 3.141592 ever called for. The actual value is incommensurable; the quotient has been carried to more than 700 decimal places without determining the final value.

publicize.—"M. M.," Philadelphia, Pa.—The word *publicize* is as good an English word as *publicist*. They both have status in the language and have been listed in various dictionaries. *Publicize* has been known for at least ten years. Looking up the records, we find that it was used in London in 1928, and in New York in 1932, but it is more than probable that it antedates both these dates, for words have a peculiar way of working into use long before they get into the press. The issue of *The London Weekly Dispatch* for May 20, 1928, contains the word, as does also *The New Yorker,* issue for May 14, 1932.

"Servant of God."—"E. B.," Oyster Bay, N. Y.—This title has been borne by at least two historical personages. In Biblical times, it was applied to Abdiel, a Gadite chief mentioned in *I Chronicles, 5:15.* In more recent history, it was borne by the Algerian chief, Abd-el-Kader, who, in 1832, led his troops in an attempt to check the power of France in North Africa.

spitting image, the.—"H. H.," Elizabeth, N. J.—The vulgar expression, "the spitting image," or, usually, "the spittin' image," from the earlier, "the spit and image," is merely a variant of the equally vulgar, "the very spit of." It means "a speaking likeness" of the person mentioned, generally of the father or mother. In one form or another the expression is very old. Smollett in 1751 wrote, "He is the very moral (model?) of you, and as like as if he had been *spit* out of your own mouth." A similar usage is traced by Farmer and Henley to 1602.

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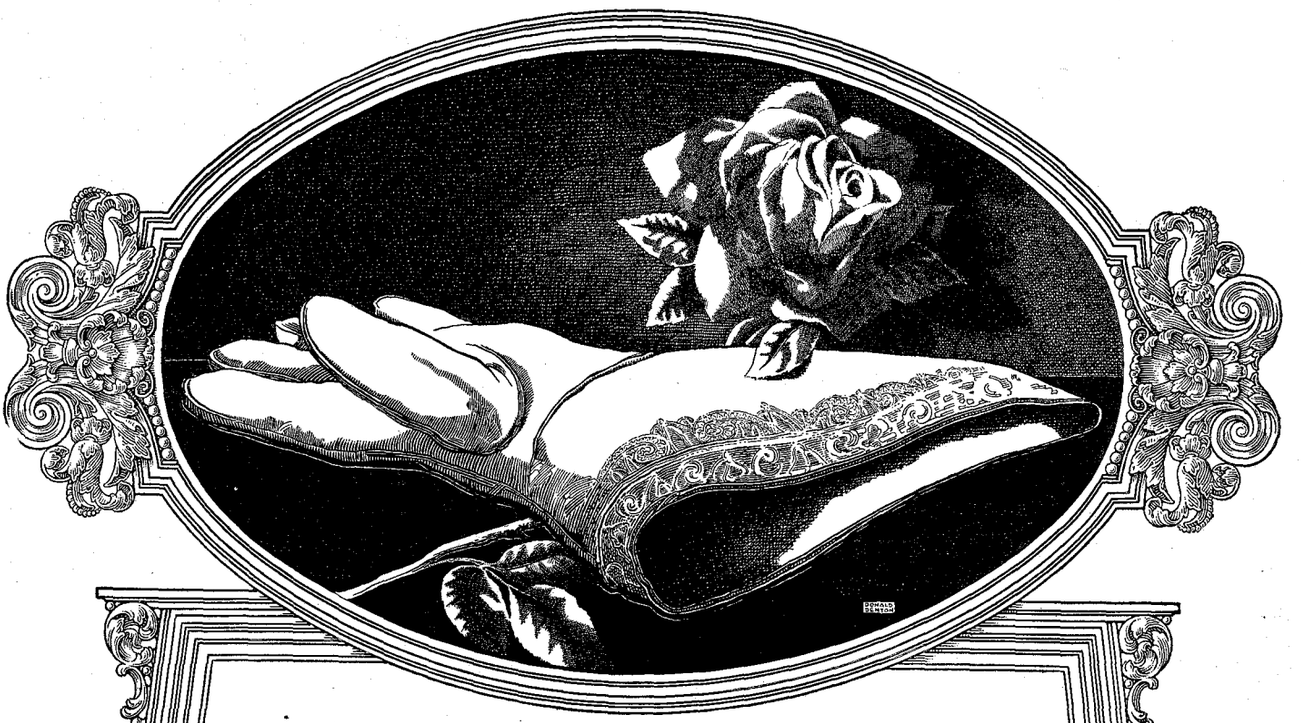

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK AUGUST 1, 1936

Topics of the day

FOUR PREACHERS IN POLITICAL ARENA

Coughlin Berates, Smith Bellows, Thomas, High Speak Softly

Four clergymen are making the head-lines roar. As they battle for their political beliefs, they are whipping the Presidential campaign into one of the most tempestuous contests the country has ever seen.

These men of the church, who are dealing in political thunder, are the strong-voiced Father Charles E. Coughlin, the sharp-tongued Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith, both of whom are pounding away at Roosevelt; Norman Thomas, Socialist candidate for President, and, in a quieter rôle, the Rev. Stanley High, leader of the Good Neighbor League which is backing Roosevelt.

Their activities recall a long list of preachers who, through American history, have been powers in the framing of public policy, in the making and breaking of Presidents. What effect these four will have on the writing of political history this year is a subject engaging political observers and editors.

Father Coughlin and the Rev. Mr. Smith, Share-Our-Wealth leader, who have teamed up with Dr. Francis E. Townsend, old-age-pension advocate, to back the Presidential candidacy of Representative William Lemke, head of the Union Party, made new head-lines last week.

© Harris & Ewing

The Rev. Stanley High carries on his campaign for Roosevelt more quietly than . . .

Takes It Back—The husky, bespectacled radio priest achieved page one again by apologizing for having called President Roosevelt a "liar" in his speech before the Townsend convention at Cleveland. He did it, he said, "in the heat of civic interest" and "in righteous anger" at developments that "have contributed largely to want in the midst of plenty." While apologizing for the word "liar," Father Coughlin made no reference to the other epithets he had applied to the President—"double crosser" and "betrayer."

In an open letter to the President he insisted that he still deemed it best "for the welfare of our common country that you be supplanted in office."

The center of many a fight in the last few years, Father Coughlin was cheered by the Townsendites when he denounced the President and threw his support to Representative Lemke, the short, bald, sandy-haired "white hope" of several discontented factions.

Leader of the National Union for Social Justice, Father Coughlin has been quoted as claiming to be able to swing 10,000,000 votes.

The second ministerial news-maker of the week, the Rev. Mr. Smith, took a lusty wallop at Roosevelt's campaign manager, James A. Farley, Democratic National Chairman.

Nothing could defeat Lemke, he said, except the "thieving, bribing tactics of the Farley machine."

Boom-Boom Preacher—A two-hundred-pound six-footer with a square jaw and a gift for oratory of the Billy Sunday type, the Rev. Mr. Smith is the fourth in a family line of preachers. A former minister of the Disciples of Christ, he became an ardent supporter of the late Senator Huey P. Long, colorful dictator of Louisiana. When Long was slain, he took over the leadership of Long's Share-Our-Wealth organization, and now claims to have 6,000,000 voters pledged to the plan.

Joining forces with Doctor Townsend more than two months ago, the Rev. Mr. Smith has been touring the country with the old-age-pension leader. His Share-Our-Wealth rallies resemble old-time revival meetings, with hymns, eulogies to Long, and the sounding of taps for the "martyred" Senator. So close have he and Doctor Townsend become that he is credited with having brought about the changing of the name of Old Age Revolving Pensions to the Townsend Recovery Plan.

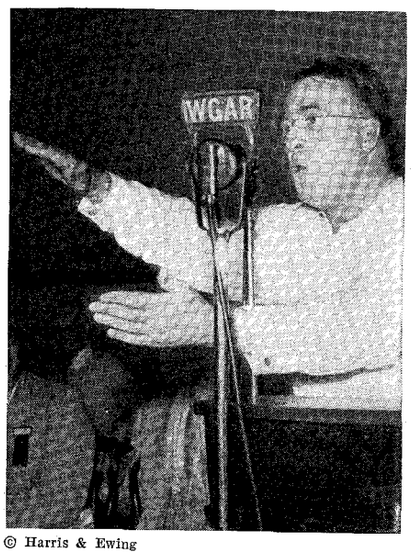
Some observers are wondering whether he will take control from Doctor Townsend. For instance, Heywood Broun, writing in the New York *World-Telegram* says: "Gerald is the tough guy of the Townsend movement. In fact, I think that the old gentleman had better look into his vest pocket to see if he still has a movement. . . . Gerald L. K. Smith, the bad boy of the bayous, is about to eat an oyster without waiting for November to roll around."

If that is true, Doctor Townsend last week did not seem to realize it, for he made joint plans with the Rev. Mr. Smith and Father Coughlin to go on a barnstorming tour in behalf of the Lemke candidacy. Tentative plans called for the speaking tour to begin in Chicago on September 8.

Not So Noisy—Meanwhile, the two other clergymen active in the present campaign were pushing their plans in less turbulent ways. Norman Thomas, Socialist candidate for President and a former Presbyterian minister, was continuing to air his views just as he had done in telling the Townsend convention that theirs was a "quack"

Acme

. . . those who oppose the President: the Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith and his colleague . . .



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. . . Father Charles E. Coughlin, now campaigning for the election of William Lemke

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remedy that would not work. The Rev. Mr. High, writer and lecturer, was carrying on as leader of the Good Neighbor League, fighting for Roosevelt's reelection on the ground that "human values must come before property values." The League, claiming a present preacher membership of 3,000, is sending pamphlets to 60,000 others in the hope of winning their support for the Administration.

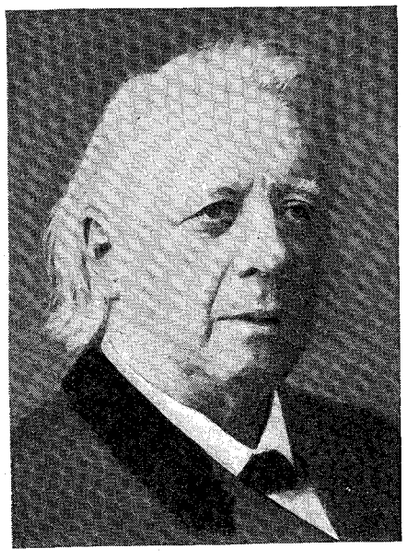
The activities of these four clergymen recall historic cases of preachers in politics and what they accomplished. Many of them sprang from New England. One of the most outstanding of this number was Henry Ward Beecher, famous orator of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, a national power in the crisis that brought on the War Between the States.

At first favoring the abolition of slavery by a gradual process, he vigorously backed the Government when the War broke. He received a large share of the credit for turning British support toward the North by a series of lectures delivered in England in 1863.

After the War, however, he resumed his moderate stand, urging leniency toward the South and limited franchise for the Negroes. In 1884 he left the Republican Party to throw the whole power of his oratory to the support of Grover Cleveland.

Famous Phrase—Altho Beecher helped elect Cleveland, the man who really gave the Democratic Party this first victory after the War Between the States was another minister, the Rev. Samuel Dickinson Burchard, Presbyterian pastor and Republican. As a left-handed President-maker, he won doubtful fame by applying the phrase "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion" to the Democratic Party at a perfunctory meeting at Blaine headquarters. The Democrats seized it joyfully, gave it a Blaine by-line and the Blaine Catholic vote in New York State took a walk in a body.

Earlier American history tells of two pulpit statesmen who became State-makers, Roger Williams and his opponent, Thomas Hooker. Banished for his religious opinions from Salem and Plymouth in 1636, Roger Williams and his followers founded Providence. Hooker, who presented the argument that exiled Williams as a heretic, later moved to the Connecticut Valley with his congregation and founded Hartford.



Henry Ward Beecher, one of the most prominent American preachers who turned to politics

Later in the century, when the mother colony's liberties were at stake, an important factor in its defense was the Rev. Increase Mather, Pastor of the North Church in Boston and Harvard President from 1685 to 1701. He was a leader in the long fight against seizure of the charter by Charles II and against the tyranny of James II.

In 1688, he was sent to England to get the charter back. William III gave him a new one that satisfied everybody.

In the next century, Timothy Dwight, Congregationalist minister and President of Yale, served in the State Legislature and a bitter foe of Thomas Jefferson.

Bishop Against Smith—In recent years another preacher in politics, Bishop James Cannon, Jr., of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, carried on a campaign which was reminiscent of Burchard's "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion." He fought bitterly against Alfred E. Smith in 1928, and is credited with helping to break the "Solid South," thus electing Hoover.

Editors to-day do not seem greatly impressed by the activities of preachers in politics. They are "the bane of the church," asserts the Atlanta *Constitution*, adding that "the churches should call down the clowns in their pulpits." Few of them "have the economic background to qualify them for statecraft," asserts another Georgia paper, the Macon *Telegraph*.

Another paper, far from Georgia, the Portland *Oregonian*, takes this view:

"Clergymen have the same right to enter politics that other men have, but they must not expect their cloth to protect them against the same kind of criticism that other politicians draw upon themselves."

Turning to Father Coughlin's attack on the President, David Lawrence, Washington political analyst, says: "If some Republicans had used the word 'lie' in charging the New Deal with inconsistency, probably the incident would have attracted little if any attention."

But Father Coughlin, "by reason of his dual position as clergyman and political orator, will undoubtedly be criticized as having been indiscreet, tho his friends will doubtless say that he had as much right to discuss the personality and sincerity of a candidate for high office as any other citizen."

LANDON'S SPEECH: Editorial Comment, Pro and Con, on Acceptance Address

Not even Topekans minded the typical prairie heat last week, for the Kansas Capital was the center of the universe. Broad Kansas Avenue blistered in a blaze of bunting and sunflowers, and battered Fords brushed sleek Buicks as perspiring thousands from Nebraska, Missouri, Oklahoma, Iowa, Colorado and more distant points streamed in for the show. When the city's ten hotels overflowed, they trickled off into school gymnasiums and church parish-parlors.

Ice cream, pop and hot-dog stands mushroomed on the broad lawns of the mansions around State House Square where Topeka's "first families" had settled. Hawkers vending Landon canes, Landon fans, Landon neckties, trampled the grass and badgered the local "cuties." Grocery stores, drug emporiums and restaurants tore out plate-glass windows and set up sidewalk beer-counters for the parched and coatless farmer folk.

It was a combination County Fair and Fourth of July to-do, complete with bands and elephants. Occasion: Gov. Alf M. Landon's acceptance of the Republican nomination for the Presidency.

Thursday evening, a whooping throng of 75,000 massed on the twenty-five-acre plaza of the State Capitol in the daytime brilliance of sixty-two floodlights. Millions of others listened by radio to the thirty-five-minute address which shoved Candidate Landon into the glare of political Klieg lights, where Americans could get their first full view of him since his nomination at Cleveland on June 12.

Making no attempt to submit a definite program to the voters, the speech was a simply worded statement of Landon's views on a handful of political issues.

Recovery: "The record shows that in 1933 the primary need was jobs for the unemployed. The record shows that in 1936 the primary need still is jobs for the unemployed. . . . The time has come to stop this fumbling with recovery."

Business: "We must be freed from incessant governmental intimidation and hostility . . . from the effects of an arbitrary and uncertain monetary policy . . . from private monopolistic control."

Relief: ". . . Those who need relief will get it. We will not take our economies out of the allotments to the unemployed."

Social Security: "We shall amend the Social Security Act to make it workable."

Budget: "Our Party holds nothing to be of more urgent importance than putting our financial house in order."

Taxes: "Even if we tax to the utmost limits those who are best able to pay, the average taxpayer will still have to bear the major part."

Agriculture: "We shall establish effective soil-conservation and erosion-control policies. . . . We propose to pay cash benefits in order to cushion our farm families against the disastrous effects of price fluctuations . . ."

Labor: "The right of labor to organize means to me the right of employees to join any type of union they prefer, whether it covers their plant, their craft, or their industry."

Constitution: ". . . This, then, is the most important question now before us: Shall we continue to delegate more power to the Chief Executive, or do we desire to preserve the American form of government?"

The following editorial excerpts from papers throughout the country show the general press reaction to the Landon acceptance speech.

Favorable: Portland *Oregonian* (Ind.-Rep.): "Confronted by the fact of America's economic necessity, which has not abated in the deluge of ornamental verbiage from high places, the man from Kansas talked plainly and without ornament."

New York *Herald Tribune* (Ind.-Rep.): "In the simplest of words he gave his listeners the feeling that here was offered

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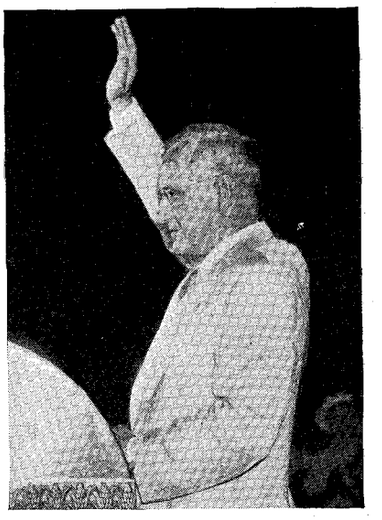

Acme Photos

Thousands waited for hours to cheer Governor Landon . . . and to hear his attack on the New Deal

not only a wise plan of action but a rounded faith as well."

Utica (N. Y.) *Observer-Dispatch* (Ind.): "He offered the American people a course that he promised would bring them back to a safe and certain road to better times. . . . Millions of his fellow citizens think well of this address."

Worcester (Mass.) *Gazette* (Ind.): "So reasonable was the content that comparison with the speeches of Calvin Coolidge is inevitable. The Kansan, clearly, is a man whose Americanism is as homespun as the Vermonter's."

Sioux City (Iowa) *Journal* (Ind.): "The address may create the impression, even in Democratic ranks, that the Republicans made no mistake in selecting him at Cleveland."

Oakland (Calif.) *Tribune* (Rep.): "The address was that of one who enters the campaign with clear-cut ideas of the issues which the nation faces and is pledged to their solution by constructive and intelligent application of American principles."

Enid (Okla.) *News* (Rep.): "There was no soothing radio voice, nothing of the bedtime story or fireside chat, but plain common sense."

Burlington (Vt.) *Free Press* (Ind.-Rep.): "His brief address was characterized by a keen perception of essentials, directness of attack, and a broad, sure grasp of national affairs."

Lincoln (Neb.) *State Journal* (Ind.-Rep.): "The man to cope with the American crisis is emerging from the débris of a governmental catastrophe."

Pueblo (Col.) *Star-Journal* (Ind.): "The speech was a four-square presentation of the main issues of the campaign."

Unfavorable: Raleigh (N. C.) *News and Observer* (Dem.): "Real wisdom is sometimes put in language undramatic and uninspiring. But if there was wisdom in the solemn speech with which Governor Landon opened his campaign, it was well concealed . . ."

Lexington (Ky.) *Herald* (Dem.): "Except, perhaps, in his pertinent labor paragraph, Mr. Landon has neither saved nor ruined the country, and has neither won nor lost a vote. That is just what the Old Guard sought when they took their lantern to Kansas and roamed the lone prairie, looking for another Coolidge."

Cleveland *Plain Dealer* (Ind.-Dem.): "One studies the speech in vain for evidence that any sharp departure from outstanding items of the Roosevelt program is intended."

Fort Worth *Star-Telegram* (Ind.-Dem.): "The country must wait for definite pronouncements dealing specifically with what Mr. Landon may hope to accomplish—perhaps for the reason that Mr. Landon himself does not yet know."

Santa Fé (N. M.) *Examiner:* "An intelligent summation of the ills besetting the country and a very accurate description of what should be done—but not one word on the subject of how these things should be brought to pass."

Atlanta *Constitution* (Dem.): "At best the address, while of the calm and dignified nature that was expected, is not such as to appeal to those who have seen their economic condition revolutionized and improved under three years of Democratic administration."

Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* (Ind.-Dem.): "If specific self-revelation was the prime purpose of the acceptance speech, it was a failure so complete as to make the mighty pilgrimage to Topeka to hear a definition of Republican leadership a joke on all the pilgrims."

DEMOCRATS AND JOBS:

Roosevelt Extends Civil Service, to Soften Attacks on Farley

President Roosevelt plucked a blazing branch of the patronage issue from the campaign fire last week. If he risked burning his fingers in a political gesture, as some skeptical Republicans felt, he helped keep his Postmaster General from getting scorched.

Patronage—the practise of swapping jobs for votes—is about as time-honored as politics. It always figures in campaigns. Each party employs it, and each party berates the other for doing so.

The issue becomes more inflammable in 1936 than in other years for at least two reasons: There are more jobs to swap than ever before; Democratic National Chairman James A. Farley, until he took a leave of absence recently to campaign, ruled over the Post Office Department, a strategic spot for doling out political plums.

The executive order issued from the White House last week (signed by the President at the Bay of Fundy a few days before) would curb future largesse in the Post Office Department. It requires extension of the merit system from the 31,666 bottom rank postmasters already operating under it, to the 14,201 additional postmasters in the top ranks.

Modern Andrew Jackson—The edict robs Farley foes of some of their fire. Ever since he adopted the "For Roosevelt Before Chicago" measure for rewarding Democrats, Farley's ears have rung with outcries against his use of patronage.

At first he took them with his genial grin. "Loyalty is an important aspect of merit," he said in 1933. "Politics, the editorial writers hint, enters into my consideration. Of course it does."

But when Republicans began to shout that party machinery was being built up by spreading the spoils system throughout the civil service, and by injecting politics into relief, he bridled. The appalling spectacle of 2,231,117 WPA project workers as party pawns could not be allowed to stand.

A few weeks ago, before an audience at Devils Lake, North Dakota, Farley challenged: "Has anybody who is listening to this speech ever heard of a man or woman being asked whether he or she is a Democrat or Republican before getting the dole or an emergency job?"

C. O. P. Dissenter—Somebody had. Chairman John D. M. Hamilton of the Republican National Committee took up the challenge on July 17. He told of an applicant for a foreman's job in the Civilian Conservation Corps who had been asked to list his services and contributions to the Democratic party.

In citing the CCC, Hamilton chose what most people consider one of the least vulnerable of the New Deal agencies.

The 22,264 officers, nurses and field supervising technicians serving in the 2,109 CCC camps are appointed by the War Department and must meet regulation Army standards. The 33,444 educational and recreational directors, foremen and other non-technical employees are named through the Agriculture, Interior and other Departments. True, they are picked from Congressmen's lists, but they are not, like the 350,000 enrolled boys, seekers after relief.

If to-day CCC leaders and all other Federal employees had to take examinations to get their jobs—an aim expressed

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in the platforms of both Parties—about 850,000 persons would be affected. The number of Federal civilian employees has climbed to that height from an average of 570,000 for the decade before the New Deal.

Among the 235,000 added to the Federal pay-roll in the depression emergency, only one in every 107 was in the Civil Service when Lawrence Sullivan checked up recently for *The Atlantic Monthly*.

Spoils to a Halt—Assassination of President Garfield by a disappointed job-seeker brought the Civil Service Act in 1883. It spread the merit system steadily to cover more and more Federal employees under successive Presidents. Wilson lifted it from 55 per cent. to 67 per cent. despite War-time personnel expansion; Coolidge made it 74 per cent.; Hoover 80 per cent. It dropped to 51 per cent. under Franklin D. Roosevelt, but has begun to rise again.

Last week's extension, the most sweeping since the Administration of Theodore Roosevelt, was along lines urged in a bill which Republicans defeated just before the last Congress adjourned. Opponents

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John D. M. Hamilton: an applicant for a CCC job helped him answer Farley's question

charged that it would "freeze" New Deal "spoilsmen" into office.

They repeat the charge against the new order, because it permits incumbents to be reappointed without competition. Routine "examinations," in many cases, mean only furnishing proper references.

In the past, whenever a new party has come into power, postmasters have tidied up their desks and prepared to depart. Their four-year terms normally expire with that of the President. Some, appointed at odd times because of deaths, illness or transfers, carry over.

Two days after the Roosevelt inauguration, Farley announced that all hold-over postmasters would be allowed to complete their terms regardless of political sentiments. To date all but 1,300 have run their terms and have been replaced by Democrats.

Stealing the Show?—Republicans took credit for forcing the new Roosevelt postal order.

"I am glad to see the President do it," Governor Landon commented. "It shows the advantage of competition. I hope now he's made such a good start he will extend it to the WPA."

The press, for the most part, praised the move, altho many questioned its aim.

The "dramatic suddenness" of the act took "the wind out of the sails of those who raised the issue," the Lexington (Ky.) *Herald* (Dem.) held. To the Seattle (Wash.) *Journal of Commerce* (Ind.) "it plugs a hole in a leaking dike." "A long step forward," said the Baltimore *Sun* (Ind.-Dem.).

"Shrewdly timed," is the view of the Minneapolis *Journal* (Ind.-Rep.). It will not, for *The Idaho Statesmen* (Rep.) "wipe away the crimes which his (Roosevelt's) Administration has committed against the Civil Service as a whole."

Echoing the "sham" charge of the Philadelphia *Inquirer* (Rep.), the Cincinnati *Times-Star* (Rep.) calls the move "an attempt to patch up the weakest link in the political coat of mail—Mr. Farley's office."

"The President can no more be charged with bad faith than his predecessors," the Dallas (Tex.) *Morning News* (Ind.-Dem.) insists. "Every gain in the Civil Service has protected appointees of the party in power. The order may have been issued to counteract the effects of the G.O.P. charges of politics in many non-Civil Service activities of the New Deal, especially the CCC. What difference does that make as long as the Civil Service gains?"

FARLEY AND HAMILTON IN SPOTLIGHT

HAMILTON

"How do you think the Republican campaign is shaping up?" an inquisitive reporter asked Harold L. Ickes, Secretary of the Interior, who used to be a Republican himself.

"Why, considering it's the first time Mr. Hamilton ever ran for President, I think it's doing very well," the Secretary quipped.

"The name of the candidate is Landon," the reporter reminded.

"All I know is what I read in the newspapers," Ickes shot back.

The Secretary had read, over four consecutive days, that John D. M. Hamilton, Republican National Chairman, had spoken nine times in seven cities of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut. Then, the crinkly-haired Republican power-house went on to New York and Pennsylvania, two key-States where organization counts.

Bagging the States—G.O.P. strategists feel sure they'll swing Pennsylvania's thirty-six votes in the Electoral College's 531. The Keystone State stayed with Hoover in 1932, despite the Roosevelt deluge, but New York's forty-seven votes, claimed by both Parties, are not "in the bag," some neutral political strategists believe.

From the office Hamilton organized in Chicago last week, the G.O.P. will launch a strenuous drive in Democratic strongholds throughout the agricultural belt on both sides of the Mississippi and in the far Northwest and Pacific Coast areas.

Geography Counts—Location of National Chairman Farley's Democratic headquarters in New York City and of National Chairman Hamilton's Republican headquarters in Chicago is typical of the geographic strategy of the two Parties this year. New Dealers recognize that President Roosevelt faces his stiffest opposition in the industrial and financial East, while the G.O.P. plans to center its heaviest barrage on the Middle West and West, where recent polls show the Rooseveltians to be strongly intrenched.

"Pennsylvania," he told the Governor, when he reached Topeka last week, "is in pretty good shape, but I don't class it with New England, tho I think the State will be whipped into shape before Fall."

"New York?" another questioner chimed in.

"Oh," replied the dynamic, red-headed Chairman, "I put that right up with New England."

FARLEY

Just a decade ago, James A. Farley, Exalted Ruler of Haverstraw (N. Y.) Lodge 877 of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, dreamed of an elaborate brick club-house with stone facings and spacious stone porches at the north and south ends overlooking the broad and smiling Hudson.

With customary ebullient good spirits, he went among the "boys," hat in hand, and helped raise a big enough fund to give Lodge 877 a new "million dollar club-house." But depression, high taxes, and a heavy mortgage burden set the Haverstraw Elks back on their heels. To-day they meet in a small Main Street building known as the "old Fowler home," and their club-house is on the auction-block, awaiting a new owner who will assume the debt it carries.

Last week, too, Postmaster General Farley moved out of a new building, giving up his ornate, walnut-paneled office in the Post Office Department Building at Washington. He is on leave of absence from his Cabinet post. From now until November he will function only as Democratic National Chairman, energizing Party workers from top-flight press-agents to lowly ward-heelers from his headquarters on the fourth floor of New York's pretentious Biltmore Hotel, first spotlighted as a rendezvous for Democracy by Alfred E. Smith.

Telephones to Ring—Instead of walnut panels, Postmaster General Farley will gaze from his swivel-chair on green silk brocade walls, and keep in constant touch with forty-eight State Chairmen through a battery of telephones on his dark-stained desk. There, too, he was to confer at the end of July with Gov. Herbert H. Lehman of New York.

They are likely to decide whether Rochester, Syracuse or Saratoga will be the site of the all-important New York State Democratic convention, which is expected to renominate Governor Lehman. Democracy is counting on Lehman to hold the State for President Roosevelt.

Predictions by John D. M. Hamilton, Republican National Chairman, that New York will go for Landon by 500,000 votes, fail to stir National Chairman Farley.

After a five-day Empire State tour, he predicted:

"You will hear a lot of wild predictions from Hamilton during the coming weeks, but we know where we stand."

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COLUMNISTS' VIEWS:

How Political Writers Estimate the Trend of the Summer News

Paul Mallon, North American Newspaper Alliance, in 300 newspapers: "There is an unwritten international law among governments providing that no one shall ever make an international incident out of a spy case. . . . To create an incident causes ill-feeling between the people of the two nations. Unless one government deliberately intends to stir up war fever, nothing is done except to get the spy out of the country.

"Of course, if one of your own people is involved, you prosecute him, but only in extreme cases, where beneficial disciplinary results are expected. This is what happened in the two notable naval cases recently developed. In both instances, the real spy was missing. The truth is more than a dozen suspected spies have been told comparatively recently that their presence in this country was no longer desirable."

Dorothy Thompson, New York Herald Tribune Syndicate, in seventy newspapers: "There are some disturbing things about the present unrest of youth. It is not essentially a revolutionary unrest, altho it may be utilized by revolutionary movements. But, for the most part, youth does not apparently desire to inherit responsibility for the social order, and assuming that responsibility, reorganize it into a more intelligent and reasonable pattern.

Youth and the State—"The discontent of youth the world over is taking the form of making demands upon the existent and very ill society. Youth is not laying claim to the State. It is making claims upon the State. And the claims are not what one would expect from the young. Since when has youth demanded security? Youth has always cried for opportunity, for the chance to prove itself. It is something new for it to demand relief jobs at trade-union wages."

Frederic William Wile, Frederic William Wile News Service: "Neither of the last two candidates for President elected on the Republican ticket—Messrs. Coolidge and Hoover—was distinguished for eloquence, either on the air or on the visible platform. It happened, too, that each of them opposed a Democrat who was a seasoned and gifted public speaker. But Calvin Coolidge's New England twang proved to be no handicap in 1924 in competition with John W. Davis' silver tongue, while Herbert Hoover's unemotional and uninspiring delivery did not turn out to be a drawback in 1928 as against Al Smith's punch on the stump.

"In the light of these experiences, Governor Landon's friends are confident that his homespun manner will effectively match the fireside charm of the President. Anyhow, they insist it's what the Kansan has to say, not how he says it, that counts."

Cynical View—Dorothy Dunbar Bromley, Scripps-Howard Features Service, in twenty-one newspapers: "If all this country wants is an average man, why go to the pother of conventions and elections? It would be much simpler to choose a President by lot."

Hugh S. Johnson, United Feature Syndicate, Inc., in thirty newspapers: (Permission New York *World-Telegram*): "Mr. Landon is gathering to himself all the shattered Old Guard remnants of both parties, but the harum-scarum Democrats are running all over the lot. George Peek is taking the farmers away from the only man in our generation who ever did anything for them.

"The Pied Pipers—three now instead of two—Townsend, Gerald Smith and Father Coughlin—are leading a defection of the deluded aged and poor from the only man who ever conducted government with an eye to their deliverance. Now, the Democrats can't lose many discontented Republicans—farmers, the aged or any other class—and win.

"All these defections point to only one thing—the defeat of Roosevelt. The Third Party, which describes itself as the lunatic fringe, takes ten votes from Roosevelt to one from Landon, and that is almost the equivalent of giving them to Landon."

David Lawrence, in 160 newspapers: "Third parties require money. Intensive organization to bring out the vote for a third party costs a good deal. . . . There are no signs that the Lemke-Coughlin-Townsend Party has any funds for the brass tacks work that has to be done in political organization. They will, of course, get time on the radio and plenty of publicity and will appear to be making a considerable dent, but when the votes are counted the totals will be negligible."

Appeal to a Poet—Mark Sullivan, New York Herald Tribune Syndicate, in seventy-five newspapers: "Aside from economics and statistics, there is something that might be recommended to the Townsend folks. It is something in the world of poetry. Every Townsend follower, just before he goes to bed at night, should recite four lines of verse from Housman:

> 'That two and two make four,
> And never five nor three,
> The heart of man is sore,
> And long 'tis like to be.'

"That, recited just before going to bed, might tend to keep dreams within the limits of the possible. And it would teach the Townsendites, if they reflect upon it, that they are in the same fix as the rest of us. Each of us has his own dream of the unattainable; each of us in his own manner is sore at heart because of desire for something that cannot be."

MULTIPLE WIVES: Arizona Prisoner Defends His Conduct on Religious Grounds

"I believe in more than one wife for a man. My pappy and my grandpappy believed that, and I can't see where I've broke the law."

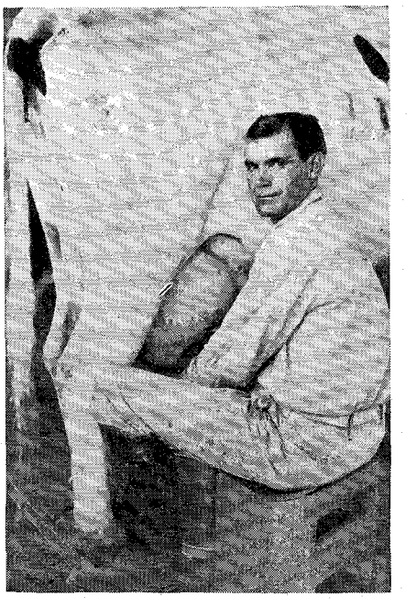
In his late fifties, I. Carling Spencer, a slim, gnarled and stooped farmer, wearied of serving an eighteen-month sentence in the Arizona State Prison at Florence. But his appeal against conviction for "open and notorious" promiscuity was denied by the State Board of Pardons.

Price Johnson, jailed for a similar offense, did not appeal. "Polygamy is the law of God and conflicts with the law of man," he shouted, Bible in hand. "I'll stick to my religious beliefs and take the consequences."

Meanwhile their many wives and multiple children scattered around the territory known as "the last frontier." Harassed by spasmodic prosecution in Utah and Arizona, they are among other believers in plural marriages settled on the isolated border-land between the two States.

A major outpost is the 200-person settlement of Short Creek, buried deep beneath the vermilion cliffs of Arizona's strip country. Northeast of Boulder Dam and northwest of the Grand Canyon, this colony is remote from civilization; miles from any railroad, with virtually impassable roads, no telephone or electricity. The people are content with inconvenience and poverty in the quest for happiness and freedom.

Religious Tenets—Their prime objective is complete subservience to the tenets of their religion. Prominent among such beliefs are: "The more children a man has, the greater his reward in heaven," and



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Price W. Johnson: "Polygamy is the law of God and conflicts with the law of man"

"Children by many wives provide stronger offspring to carry on the faith."

They are members of the United Order of the Brethren which, forty years ago, broke with the parent Mormon Church because of the ban on polygamy. Some were excommunicated and since have led nomadic lives in Utah, Idaho, Nevada and California, while still claiming to adhere to the other basic doctrines of the mother church. Not till last December, however, when many of the women listed the same husband on relief applications, did they become the target of organized opposition.

The principal polygamist chaser is E. Elmo Bollinger, peppery Mohave County Attorney. In Kingman, Arizona, he is noted for his many campaigns for "Americanism." Recently fifty more women and children arrived at the colony from California, and once more he set out to investigate. Among his irritations is that, whereas Short Creek is only ninety miles by crow's flight, he has to bump over 425 miles of road through California, Nevada and Arizona to reach the hamlet. "It gives the ladies of the *harem* time to skin out."

"I can name a dozen men along this border-line who have from two to five

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wives and five to twenty-five children," he snapped. Then he set out to appeal for Federal aid.

Patient under fire, and yet cunning, the inhabitants at Short Creek try to wrest a livelihood from a forty-acre patch of beans and corn and a near-by lumber-mill. Threatened by drought, they still refuse to leave the land they have held more than twenty years. There are two settlements, the schoolhouse and regular homes on the Arizona side and, 100 yards distant, the center in Utah for supposed plural wives and their children.

Life is on a cooperative plan, with a bishop and resident justice of the peace to keep the community in order. Liquor, beer, wine, coffee and tea are forbidden. Tobacco in all forms is frowned upon. Several of the more prosperous elders have radios and automobiles. Oil lamps serve for illumination.

The cars are used only when some one from "the outside world" arrives with gasoline. At these times, the younger folks are permitted rides in the surrounding rugged mountains or to go to dances at Fredonia, thirty-four miles distant. Even a few of the elders enjoy the quadrille and other old-fashioned dances on occasion, altho such frivolity is considered unworthy for young wives whose sole mission is supposed to be motherhood.

Under the jurisdiction of Mohave County authorities, there's a one-room schoolhouse, the community's only public building. Further education being unobtainable, few continue past the higher grammar school grades.

A typical household setting—when officers of the law are not around—is a man with seven wives and nineteen children ranging in age from babes-in-arms to the late 'teens. They live in a large straggling Spanish-type house. Each wife has a separate apartment around the patio. All of the children, except infants, have their own rooms.

Family Tree—The first wife came with him from Idaho when they journeyed south to find prosperity and peace in Arizona's bad lands. His second wife is a sister of the first, widowed when her husband was killed in the World War. Nos. three and four were daughters of ranchers from the Rainbow Bridge country of southern Utah. The other three, all college graduates, came from Salt Lake City when impoverished by the depression.

Work in the home is divided. Elder children supervise the younger. The wives cooperate in the management, apparently caring more for religious beliefs than sole possession of the husband. Chief responsibility, nevertheless, rests upon the father. Like a patriarch of Old Testament days, he acts as judge and jury.

In Salt Lake City, members of the Mormon Church are anxious to have the alleged Short Creek polygamists prosecuted because of the bad name they are bringing on the parent organization. In Arizona, however, the matter is being treated warily; under the law the colony as a unit may not be punished, altho individuals may be enjoined from violating the law. The trials of Spencer and Johnson last December proved costly, and there is distinct agitation against bringing others to trial.

"I have no statement to make on the matter," declared Gov. B. B. Moeur of Arizona.

Topics in Brief

ALL of us are working for the Government. The trick is to get paid for it.—*Washington Post.*

IN two years the sponsors of the Townsend Plan managed to take in $1,000,000 and 10,000,000 people.—*Judge.*

ILLEGAL parking in Indianapolis showed an increase, the erring motorists probably being too hot to care.—*Indianapolis Star.*

WHEN we paid our debt to Lafayette, we failed to realize how many other creditors we would stir up.—*Dallas Morning News.*

IT is illegal in Alabama to sprinkle salt on railroad tracks, which seems a queer way to catch a train anyway.—*Boston Transcript.*

IT might be well to bear in mind that when Uncle Sam plays Santa Claus, it's the taxpayer who holds the bag.—*St. Louis Star-Times.*

"SCHMELING'S Home Struck by Lightning." Head-line. The lightning at last report was resting easily.—*Richmond (Va.) Times-Dispatch.*

THE boondogglers were out sweeping the bed of Brush Creek again the other day. Apparently a little dust had accumulated. —*Kansas City Star.*

THIS is a good week to remember that three Hebrew children were thrown into a fiery furnace, and came out alive.—*Elizabethtown* (Ky.) *News.*

"MOST of us are willing to recognize change and to give it reasonable and constant help," says Mr. Roosevelt. Including the change next November?—*Chicago Daily News.*

PROFESSOR WARREN of Harvard Law School concedes modern youth a little: "An A.B. degree nowadays means that the holder has mastered the first two letters of the alphabet."—*Detroit News.*

THE SPLIT

—The Jersey Journal

THE THREE MUSKETEERS!

—Berryman in the Washington Star

THEY are looking for nicknames for the Republican candidate. Ours is the Sacred River.—*F.P.A. in the New York Herald Tribune.*

EVERY time *Uncle Sam* spends a dollar he takes in forty-six cents. That's how by fast spending he hopes to get rich quick.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

LA BELLE FRANCE vaguely murmurs something about a readjustment of the war debt. Why, little girl, we didn't know you cared.—*Detroit News.*

WITH the three Presidential tickets either liberal or tending to the Left, the Right doesn't seem to carry the old punch, unless you count Schmeling's.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

THE rumor that the British Lord Chancellor's purse was to be presented to the New York Bar Association turns out to be true—and yet there's nothing in it.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

THE task confronting the Democratic command seems clear: It must defend the faith, remove the brain trust to a darkened room, and keep Farley out of a bathing-suit.—*Barron's.*

"PERFORMING a difficult task before breakfast will spoil your entire day," a physician declares. So that's what has been the matter with our days!—we've been getting up before breakfast.—*Providence News-Tribune.*

"MRS. LANDON Selects Printed Crêpe for Notification Night."—Head-line. Well, that will make a very pretty gown, but somehow I don't like the idea of hanging any crêpe around on notification night.—*Chicago Tribune.*

WE see no reason why Doc Townsend and the Rev. Mr. Smith can't merge their movements. It's a cinch that if they give the old folks pensions of $200 a month, their relatives will just naturally come around to share the wealth.—*Boston Herald.*

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Foreign Comment

FASCIST AND RED MARCH IN SPAIN

Workers' Clenched Fists Mock Roman Salutes in Class War

"This is no fly-by-night *coup d'etat.*"

With the rebels in control of more than half of Spain's fifty Provinces Gen. Emilio Mola, chief of the insurgents advancing on Madrid from the north, thus bluntly acknowledged that the revolt was meticulously prepared.

Since July 17 the Iberian peninsula has been drenched in the blood of a civil war which, in the first ten days, cost more lives than the A.E.F. lost in actual battle.

Last chief of police under the monarchy of Alfonso XIII, bespectacled, stony-eyed General Mola marched south from Pamplona, ancient Capital of Navarre, and stronghold of clericals and royalists, who blend religion with politics.

Fanatically embittered against the Popular Front Government of President Manuel Azaña, this city's youth, elders and peasants flocked to the rebels in a crusade for a "Holy Catholic Spain" and a mop-up of "Godless Marxists."

With patriotic songs and cries of "*Viva España!*" the Fascist salute, scarlet Fascist berets, red-and black arm bands, and pictures of the Virgin on their coats these joined forces with the Alfonso monarchists, whose red-and-yellow arm bands clash mildly with similar Carlist (an even older monarchist hang-over) bands of white with a red "X" set in a red circle.

Anticipating a long struggle with loyal air-units, artillery contingents and Civil Guards of the Central Government, Mola hastened slowly, awaiting reinforcements from the south, promised by Gen. Francisco Franco, forty-five-year-old commander-in-chief of the rebellion. They planned to surround the city, cut off the water-supply and force surrender by starvation and thirst.

Meanwhile, General Franco, having declared a state of revolution in the Canary Islands, flew east and issued a manifesto from Tetuan, Spanish Morocco, where he found his fellow conspirators in full control of the principal towns—El Kasar, Larache, Tetuan, Melilla, Ceuta.

Denouncing the Azaña Government as "a constitutional tyranny," he ordered strikers back to work under pain of death, and issued a manifesto declaring:

"The revolutionary spirit of the masses has been inflamed and exploited, and the people have been deceived by Soviet agents. . . . We consent no longer to the shameful spectacle Spain is giving the rest of the world. . . ."

Royalist Martinet — Broad-shouldered and swarthy, known as "The Butcher," General Franco is the royalist Army disciplinarian whose ruthless suppression of the poorly armed Asturias miners under the Rightist Government of 1934 still rankles in the heart of Spanish labor. For his effective work he won support to head a twin military command together with Gen. Manuel Goded.

Products of the old Army clique under the monarchy, the two scarred soldiers embodied the discontent of hundreds of Army officers, retired by the Leftist Republic, but without being completely stripped of power.

Clandestinely, they worked with the royalists and clericals of the Right Popular Action in an effort to undermine the Leftist régime. Suspected, they were removed from the peninsula, Franco to govern the Canary Islands, while Goded was given the governorship of the Balearic Islands.

Despite their distance from Madrid, however, they kept in secret communications with Juan March, Spain's wealthiest citizen, José Maria Gil Robles, head of the Popular Action, and his monarchist ally, José Calvo Sotelo, whose alleged assassination by Assault Guards on July 13 precipitated the rebellion. At the first shot Gil Robles fled, with March, to French soil, the French Government ordering them not to linger near the frontier, but to go to Paris.

First reaction to Catholic leader Sotelo's murder arose in Spanish Morocco, where the Foreign Legion, organized by royal decree in 1920 on the pattern of the French *Legion Etrangère,* had been "conditioned" by Franco to be used against the Government. With Franco, they had participated in the suppression of the Asturias miners; and were regarded by all Leftists with justified suspicion.

Franco, using them as the spear-head of his revolt, smuggled a few detachments across the Straits of Gibraltar to Algeciras, Spain, aboard a gunboat, and ordered the Ceuta radio station to broadcast false news of rebel victories and invitations to the Spanish nation to join the revolt. But for the unexpected loyalty of the Spanish Fleet, Franco would have landed the whole Legion in Spain.

Like wildfire the news spread through strike-torn Provinces, where sorely tried middle-class citizens, embittered clergy and their church-going followers, and wavering commissioned Army ranks and civilian employees who resented the general unrest, quickly rallied to the insurgents.

Prearranged insurrections broke out in Burgos, Valladolid, Seville, Saragossa, Cadiz, Barcelona and Gijon, while at Pamplona, San Sebastian and Segovia demonstrations by members of Francisco Largo Cabellero's General Union of Workers, in favor of the Leftist Government, proved futile to stem the tide.

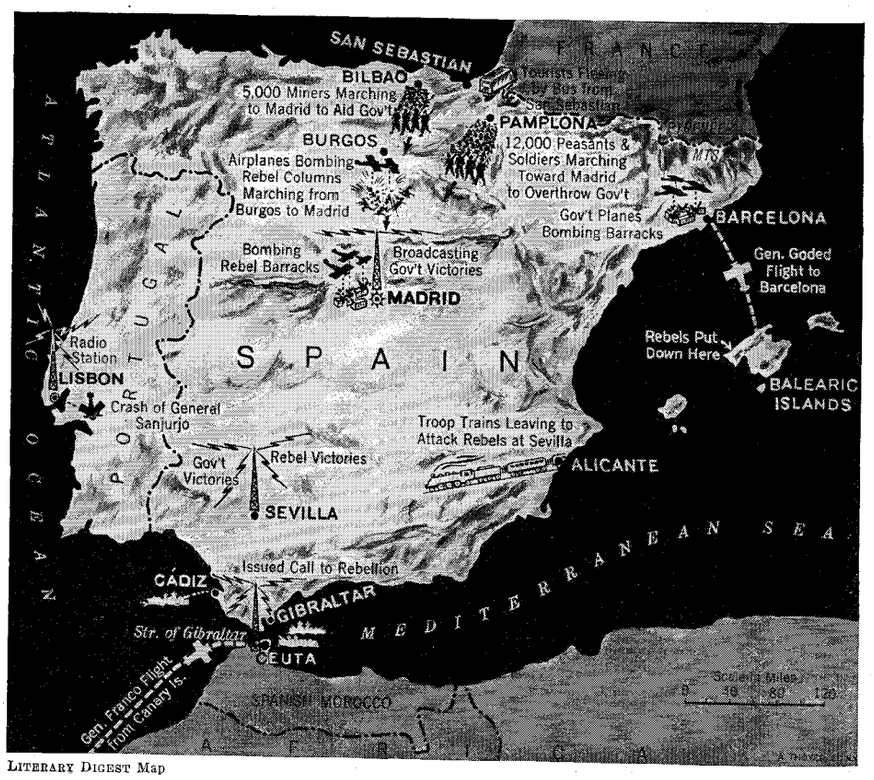
Dead "Lion"—A blow to the rebels' initial move was the air-plane crash of Gen. José Sanjurjo, noted monarchist and "Lion of the Riff," whom the insurgents had scheduled to succeed President Azaña.

Franco's forces occupied ancient Seville and from its powerful radio staton bandied broadcasts wth the Madrid Government, each gloating on "huge successes" claiming large sections of the country as won. Meanwhile, at Cordoba, storied Moorish town now famous for its churches, Dr. Fernando de Rivera, brother of the jailed Fascist chieftain and son of the former dictator, was in command. At Saragossa, Aragon, Gen. Miguel Cabanellas headed the rebel troops and General Goded occupied Barcelona, where he was, after bloody fighting, captured and imprisoned.

In Madrid itself rebel Army men stuck to their hillside barracks, not far from the Presidential Palace, from which they had to be driven by bombing planes.

Wisely, José Giral Pereira, Azaña's second Premier since the outbreak, refrained from pitting Army regiments against each other. Instead, his Cabinet decreed rebel troops disbanded and released subalterns from obedience to their superiors, pinning hope on the air-forces, armored-car detachments, artillery, the Navy, the Assault and Civil Guards and the Communist, Socialist and Syndicalist Militia hastily formed with the aid of Largo Caballero.

Foreign correspondents found news of the fighting steadily harder to obtain. Their despatches were mercilessly blue-penciled by the censor. From British



LITERARY DIGEST Map

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Acme

Cause: Gen. Francisco Franco led Fascist rebels against Spain's Popular Front Government

Keystone

Effect: Spain's Government changed more than once; José Pereira became Premier

Gibraltar, where Spanish refugees crowded jammed hotels, came tales of atrocities committed by both sides, during the bloodshed at La Linea, border town, and the hand-to-hand fighting at Barcelona.

In Barcelona, Capital of semiautonomous Catalonia, white flags soon flew from homes and business buildings in token of the middle-class submission to the loyalists, who were reported to have seized nuns from convents, stripped and thrown them in the streets, while burning many of the famous city's churches.

Calm and Riots—Catalonia and the Basque Provinces, however, have been quieter than the rest of Spain during the recent nightmare of strikes, riots, church burnings and peasant uprisings of the last few months. Unlike them, Andalusia, Estremadura, Asturias, La Mancha and Aragon have been rife with sabotage, strikes, fires, riots and "red banditry."

In these Provinces clericals were accused of whispering rumors that the Civil Guards and the police were instructed by the Popular Front régime to stand by while Communists and Anarcho-Syndicalists burned their churches. Rightist hotbeds supplemented the rumor with reports that President Azaña was promoting Leftists and Free-Masons to high Army posts to spite the old military cliques.

The Fascist conspiracy even penetrated the ranks of the Civil Guard, scores of whom recently were arrested. A few weeks ago the Government raided a printing establishment in Oviedo, Capital of Asturias, which turned out propaganda of the Spanish Military Union, an organization of retired royalist officers.

Last April a Cabinet decree ordered all Fascist organizations disbanded, warned Army officers against antirégime activities, and made a large number of arrests. But Fascists, working *sub rosa*, defied the law, and rallied around young Antonio Primo de Rivera's *Falange Española* (Spanish Phalanx).

In February de Rivera polled only 5,000 votes against 225,000 for the Popular Front and 190,000 for the Right Wing. Sixty days later, made a hero by a jail sentence he still is serving, his strength increased to 45,000 in the Cuenca elections against the Left's 50,000.

Prompt to appreciate the strength of the Fascists was Gil Robles, who declared before the Cortes (Parliament): "I regret to admit that my followers . . . are deserting me for those organizations where they are promised at least the flattery of revenge."

Red Boss—Most hated and most feared by Royalists and Fascists alike is Largo Caballero, the bald, elderly, extreme Left Socialist with the face of a monk and fierce gray eyes. From his tiny office in a crowded Madrid market street he bosses the General Union of Workers and their Anarcho-Syndicalist allies, who comprise the Marxist Militia. Dressed in red-and-blue shirts and saluting with clenched fists, his followers form the backbone of Azaña's forces, augmented by women armed with pistols and rifles.

Strongly relying on Largo Caballero's Party, Azaña for months has postponed nationalization of economic resources, sequestration of landed estates and control of factories. Azaña preferred to be guided by the more moderate Indalecio Prieto, the Socialist Leader who believes in the gradual, evolutionary socialization of Spain.

With grim irony Largo Caballero's warnings were justified by present events and Azaña found himself forced to resort to repressive measures against Fascists and loyalists, whose newspapers and printing plants he confiscated.

Last week the plants of Madrid Catholic and royalist dailies were confiscated: *El Debate, Ya, ABC, Informaciones, Siglo Futuro* and *Epoca*—while copies of the independent newspaper *Ahora* were ordered dropped from government air-planes.

ARMAMENT RACE: Britain, France and Germany Rush Toward War-Time Bases

Winston Churchill, a cherubic reddish-haired *Cassandra*, bobbed up in the House of Commons again last week to warn his countrymen of the "remorseless hammers" of the rearming world.

He wanted British industry put on a war-time basis. He emphasized his earlier claim that Germany spent $4,000,000,000 for rearmament last year. When he first used that figure, Britons branded it fantastic, only less wild than his statement that Germany has 20,000 fighting planes.

A curious slip justified his aviation figure to anti-German Britishers recently. The German Censorship passed a *communiqué* which read: "The Air Ministry regrets to announce that Chief of Staff General Wever has been killed in a crash while flying in an air-plane belonging to Squadron No. 253." Reporters multiplied the figure by the planes in a German squadron —27, or 6,831. Allowing three replacement machines for each first-line ship, the amazed calculators estimated that the Reich had 20,000 machines.

Last week Neville Chamberlain, cautious, conservative Chancellor of the Exchequer, virtually confirmed the $4,000,000,000 figure. "I see no reason," he said coldly, "to think the figure mentioned excessive, altho there are elements of conjecture."

Wary Statesmen—With vague reassurances unstudded by actual details, government spokesmen tried to quiet the nervous Commons. "It would not be proper for me to disclose any facts or figures regarding other Powers' production," Sir Thomas

Authenticated News Photo

One of Britain's new "interceptor-fighters," which can go 300 miles an hour

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Inskip, Coordination Defense Minister, announced, "but it is the Government's plain duty to make and carry out a program to match the expansion of any foreign air force, whatever it may be."

In ever-increasing numbers, he announced, plants were turning out more "interceptor-fighters," small attack planes with the terrific speed of 300 miles an hour. British housewives got a more definite inkling of the size of Britain's war boom. So many girls left private kitchens for work in munitions plants that the country faced a serious servant shortage.

Yet the $940,000,000 the country is spending for defense this year, and indeed Britain's whole budget of $3,989,485,000, fades before Germany's gigantic $4,000,000,000. Mr. Chamberlain admitted that his carefully balanced books already indicate a $100,643,000 deficit. To finance the race with Germany, some Englishmen clamored for a huge popular defense loan.

The munitions business boomed. The London *Daily Herald* has proved that $2,500 put in certain war stocks a year ago, would have already produced a 900 per cent. return. British pacifists' plans to take the profit out of war broke down.

Meanwhile, in France, Premier Léon Blum's Socialist Government was beginning its first tentative efforts toward State ownership of the arms industry. By the tremendous vote of 484 to 85—100 Centrists and Right-wingers joining the Popular Front—Deputies voted Blum's famous measure nationalizing munitions.

Powers Conferred—The bill empowers the Government to expropriate by decree all arms-makers, compensating them either by outright purchase of the stock or by exchanging the stock for government bonds. The compensation will depend on the average price and average dividends paid by the firms during the past seven years. In case companies manufacture both war materials and peace-time products, only the war end of the business will be taken over.

France plans a gradual nationalization, possibly beginning with the great Schneider-Creusot manufacturers of guns and shells. Edouard Daladier, Defense Minister, assured the Deputies that the Government would not spend more than 1,000,000,000 francs ($66,000,000) under the measure—a negligible sum in the war business. Most correspondents believed it would be six months or a year before the bill takes any noticeable effect.

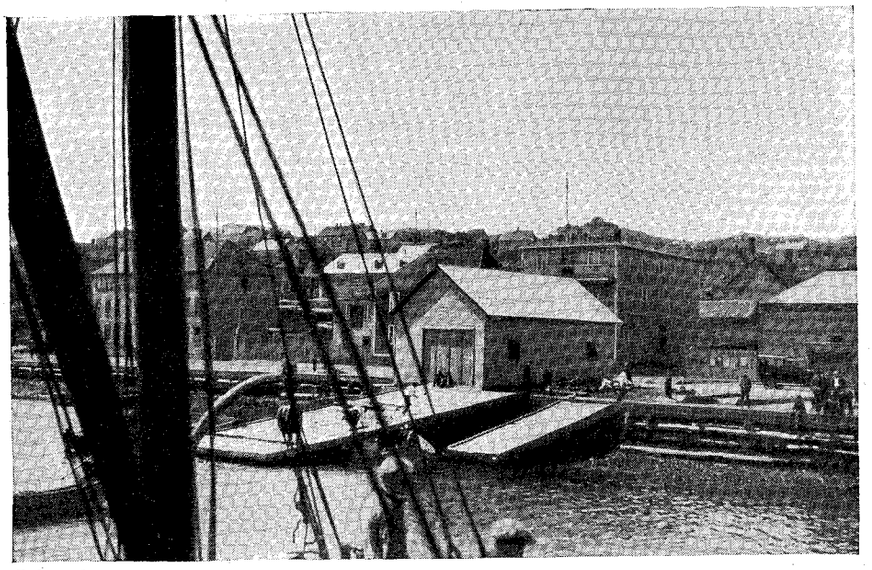
Advocates of nationalization hailed the action as a good example rather than a great accomplishment. Paul Faure, lean-faced Minister of State and Secretary of the Socialist Party, would have preferred a 100 per cent. nationalization. Yet he rejoiced at the success of the plan he had urged for years. In peace, he said, the government would not promote international tension to help business; in war its swifter and more efficient mobilization of the industry would help defense.

Faure admitted the measure would have no effect on the French-controlled munitions works abroad, like Skoda in Czechoslovakia, because of their nominal independence.

Strong Union—Nor does the bill dissolve the *Comite des Forges*, all-powerful union of the men behind the French arms industry, since nominally it is a steel manufacturers' association. Last year its members sold Germany 6,000,000 of the 12,000,000 tons of iron ore she had to import for rearmament purposes. "That means," the weekly *Vu* pointed out, "that of every two German shells, one is of French origin, and as such has brought profit to the *Comite des Forges*."

In the last analysis, France's long-heralded nationalization bill is permissive—not obligatory on the Government. In Britain and other frantically rearming States, men and women anxiously waited to see how it would work.

"There is no evidence," the Liberal *Manchester Guardian* insisted, "that the French Government is insincere or half-hearted in its intentions. . . . France believes that she is paving the way for a wider and effective international agreement on the control of the arms traffic, an agreement which our own British Government has so far done its best to obstruct. The new bill is an international precedent. What is to be this country's reply?"



Underwood

The islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon: Fish, fog, Basque berets . . . the soul of old France

SOUL OF FRANCE: It Still Lives on Tiny Islands Off American Continent

A brief news dispatch to the effect that France had changed the form of government for her smaller outposts sent map-explorers to their biggest and best atlases last week. Not without difficulty, they found St. Pierre and Miquelon, dots of islands, south of Newfoundland in the St. Lawrence's yawning mouth.

Intrepid Americans who recently discovered the Gaspé Peninsula* will find here a life still more picturesque. Two-wheeled dog-carts laden with flowers roll slowly over unpaved streets filled with squawking geese; *gendarmes*, clad in gaudy uniforms, majestically strut past steep-roofed, white-plastered, one-story houses, stopping now and then to chat with apple-cheeked women seated before their doors; black-whiskered Basque and Breton sailors swagger with a song on their lips from the *Café du Printemps* and *Café de Joinville* to ogle the dark-eyed *demoiselles* wearing spotless white veils. The soul of old France still lives—and only an hour's boat-ride from North America.

Isles of fish and fog, St. Pierre and Miquelon are France's last vestige of her once vast North American empire. After more than 300 years, their 4,321 inhabitants, despite the 3,000 miles of ocean that separates them from their cherished fatherland, still cling to Basque berets and striped jerseys. They still drink the mulled wines of France. They even fête Bastile Day.

They are little interested in politics. When the *Official Journal* last week published a decree informing them that the Popular Front Government in Paris had abolished townships and set up an administrator who will be assisted by a Council, elected by popular vote, the fishermen paused only to refill their pipes and refresh their cursing of Newfoundlanders who recently passed a Bait Act, preventing them from using herring as bait.

Their form of government is very simple. They send a delegate to France's Superior Colonial Office, thus saving the expense of electing a representative to the Paris Parliament. Highest authority is a Governor for both islands whose office is the sole evidence of French rule. Last October, France granted its tiny possessions a measure of autonomy which allows them to control their affairs through a council of twelve.

Ups and Downs—Named after the patron saint of fishermen in 1536, St. Pierre and its twin island Miquelon have passed through various periods of prosperity and depression. In 1880 fat years began when, each spring, 10,000 fishermen from Dieppe, St. Malo, Concale and other French ports landed with barrels of wine, household goods, textiles and even soil to cover flinty back yards, exchanging these articles for barrels of the islanders' codfish.

During American prohibition, the islands were rediscovered. They became an Eldorado for rum-runners and bootleggers which boosted prosperity on these fog-muffled rock clusters to unprecedented heights. In 1930, the peak saw St. Pierre's gay *cafés* swarming with blatant rum dealers and smugglers who consumed large

*Gaspé Peninsula, new mecca for American motorists, juts out into the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

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quantities of French champagne. Buccaneer ditties reechoed through the crooked streets until early morning, while frugal fishermen sedately tucked their earnings away. Then repeal sealed their doom. Lean years followed for the now impoverished islanders.

Sixteen school-teachers take care of education. Besides the six schools, three for boys and three for girls, St. Pierre maintains a kindergarten for 140 children. Every building on the island is firmly founded on a rock. Even the gravediggers work with dynamite.

Altho they import their foodstuffs and canned goods from the mainland, the islanders are immune to Americanization. In only one point has tradition been forced to give way to progress: Where once his ancestors played Basque *pelotte*, the youth of St. Pierre now plays football.

MONEY FOR GUNS: Turkey Refortifying Dardanelles; Russia Rejoices, Britain Backs Down

Geneva, Moscow, Angora and armaments makers everywhere exult this week at the signing and sealing by plenipotentiaries of ten nations at Montreux of the pact authorizing remilitarization of the Dardanelles, dismantled since 1923.

Geneva, because once again a sovereign nation has accepted her authority.

Moscow, at winning more freedom for herself, and less for others, in the use of the only all-year ice-free waterway to the outer world.

Angora, because of the new prestige and power accruing to Turkey and her shrewd dictator, Mustapha Kemal Attaturk.

And armaments makers, because Skoda (Czech arms firm controlled by France's Schneider-Creusot), already has a $2,500,000 order wet on her books, with more to come for everybody.

London and Tokyo are not quite so happy.

Amicable signing of the pact followed Britain's capitulation to Russia's demands, Turkey playing 'possum while the great Powers argued out their claims. Fearing a growing Soviet fleet in the Black Sea, Britain contended that in war a belligerent power should be free to send her entire fleet through the Straits against a Black Sea enemy (what enemy, unless Russia?). Russia's Maxim Litvinoff, fighting for a year-round exit, demanded restrictions on the use of the Straits by all war-vessels, except Russia's own and those of others when acting under League orders.

Limit on Shipping—Britain's back-down opened the way to an agreement by which peace-time passage of non-Black-Sea nation's men-of-war is limited to 15,000 tons per passage, with a maximum of 30,000 tons in the sea at any one time.

Russia's exception gives her fleet free use of the Straits at all times, save for restrictions imposed by the League.

Turkey is free to fortify, and to close the passage during any war in which she is a neutral, the League reserving the right to order their reopening by two-thirds vote if Turkey's security, in the League's judgment, is not threatened.

With ten nations signing, Great Britain, France, Russia, Japan, Greece, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Turkey and Australia, only Japan demurred. To obtain her signature, it was agreed that in the event of war Russia's fleet would be held in the Black Sea unless specifically ordered out by the League.

Turkey regains much of her old power, and Russia more freedom in the Black and Mediterranean Seas than she enjoyed under the Czars. League hopes are that Attaturk's acceptance of the Geneva technique, when he might have emulated Hitler on the Rhineland or Mussolini in Ethiopia, will end the legend that the League is moribund. In theory at least, Geneva, now holds the keys to the Dardanelles, and has much control over the fleets of the world in their use against aggressor nations.

While the pact is acclaimed as a great instrument of peace, armaments salesmen are already pouring into Angora for slices of the $63,800,000, estimated cost of complete refortification. Skoda got there first.

CHINA'S "TRAITOR": Even His Son Accuses Chiang Kai-shek of "Friendship" for Japan

Through liquidation by wile, guile, bribe and bluff of a civil war which threatened to engulf all China, Chiang Kai-shek has become the great unifier of his country. The generalissimo, however, is no hero to his son.

With one exception, all Provinces not held by communist armies or Tokyo-controlled puppets have rallied under Chiang's banner. His greatest enemy, Gen. Chen Chi-tang, who tried to lead 300,000 coolie soldiers from the south against him, fled to luxurious, landed and moneyed exile in Britain's Hongkong, flicking $17,000,000 over his shoulder in largess to those he left behind.

Generals Pai (Chung-hsi), and Li (Tsung-jen), only war-lords not to desert to the generalissimo, have withdrawn sulkily into the impecunious inland Province of Kwangsi to resume enrichment of themselves by levying tribute on the opium trade.

Chiang is really generalissimo now, free to "resist the encroachments of Japan," or to fight yellow communists in the west, with no fear of attack from the south. On the surface he is the "Bismarck" of China.

But Chiang junior, Chiang Shing-go, in an open letter to his mother, first wife of Chiang senior, holds another view. The letter was first published by the British Labor Esperantist Association.

Arraigning Father—"Your husband, Chiang Kai-shek, is the enemy of the whole people," declares, flatly, Chiang the younger. "I am ashamed before the Chinese people to have such a father . . . will never come home to exist as a miserable and cowardly tool in the hands of such a cur. He has bought himself beautiful baths, organized companies and enterprises . . . by robbing the people . . . took loans in Japan . . . selling away the territory of our country. Chiang Kai-shek, traitor to our fatherland."

Suspicion that the Nationalist Generalissimo's hostility to Japan is not all that it should be is rife throughout the east. And, as if to strengthen it, Nippon's Foreign Minister, Hachiro Arita, in Tokyo's most dignified monthly, *Bungei Shungu*, showers Chiang with compliments.

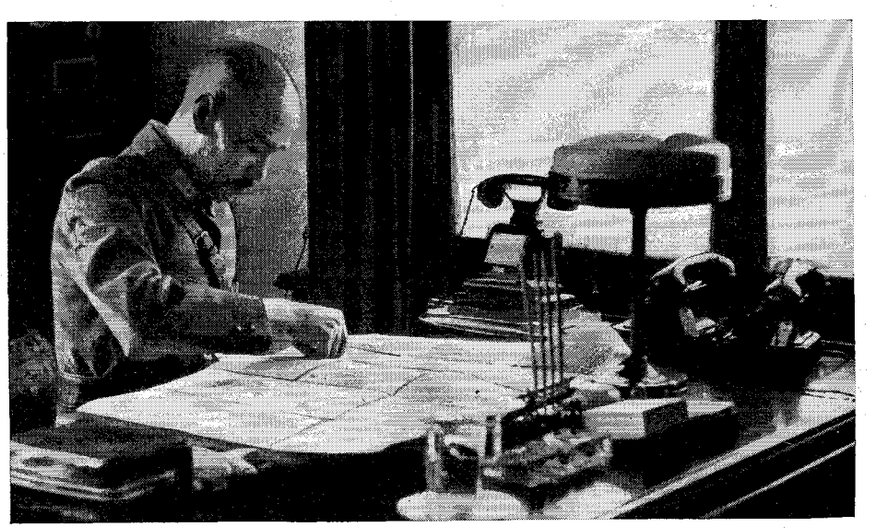
"I first met Chiang Kai-shek in Japan on a leisure tour, some years ago," says diplomat Arita. (Leisure tour it may have been; but Chiang had his own Foreign Minister, Gen. Chang Chun, with him at the time.) "He impressed me as a man of flooding energy and keen enthusiasm . . . to-day matured and rounded out . . . the sword-edge quality smoothed away.

"General Chiang knows Nippon, and knows it well. And I believe he has both hope and desire of bringing about a note of harmony between the two countries.

"What is true of Gen. Chiang is also true of his foreign minister who, like him, is a man of moderation and gentle virtue.

"Chang Chun is a graduate of Nippon Military Academy, a soldier in training, a master of our language, has lived in Japan and, I think, has a considerable affection for our country.

"Among the cabinet members who play dominant rôles in the Nanking Government are many educated in Japan. We have been told that this has been brought about for no other reason than that such a Cabinet is essential . . . to smooth working relations between Nippon and China. The result, thus far, has not been



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Chiang Kai-shek, Chinese Generalissimo: to Japan's Foreign Minister, "a man of moderation and gentle virtues"; to his own son, a "cur . . . and traitor of our fatherland"

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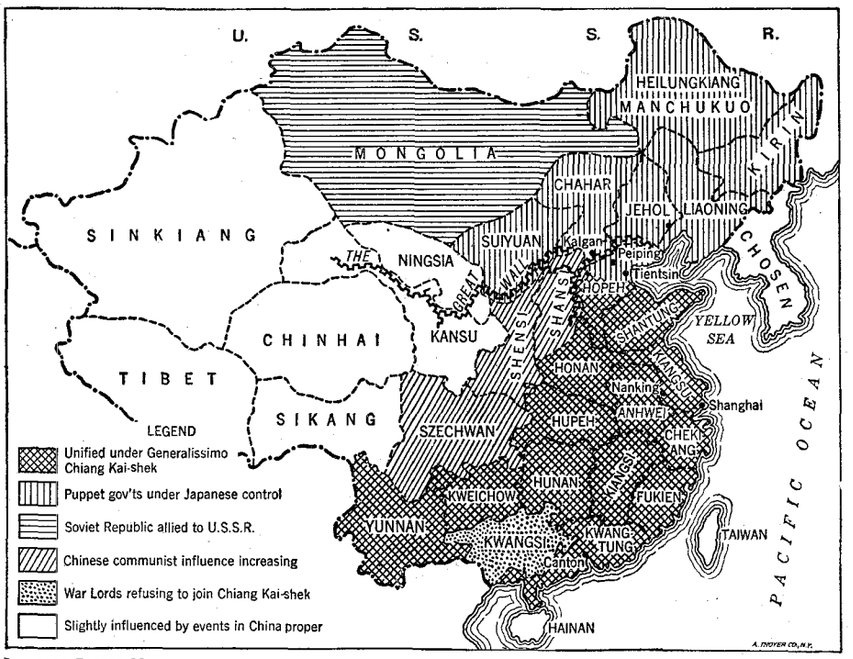

LITERARY DIGEST Map

China—as it is since Gen. Chiang Kai-shek's victories

quite up to the high expectations of Gen. Chiang."

Oriental Methods—Anywhere in the Occident such caresses by one Government of another would be assurance that complete written understanding, if not written alliances, had been filed away in foreign-office safes. In the Orient, the understanding could mean only that Chiang Kai-shek is about to enroll, or has already secretly enrolled, in the illustrious company of Tokyo-controlled "autonomous" rulers; Pu Yi, in Manchukuo; Prince Teh Wang, in Inner Mongolia; and Gen. Yu King-jen, in East Hopei.

By action, if not by word, Chiang has shown that he considers his real enemies, not Japan but Communist leaders in the Chinese hinterland. He has repeatedly been off pursuing Red armies (never catching them), when other Chinese felt that he should have been resisting Japan.

Perfect sympathy with this course is expressed by Japanese Foreign Minister Arita.

"The outstanding menace darkening China to-day is the Communist," he said to his interviewer. "Communism threatens to prove the cancer of China. General Chiang has been active in suppressing Communist bands over the country; but what is most sinister and far-reaching are the Communist secret societies honeycombing Shanghai, Tientsin and other centers, as well as village communities throughout the land."

Chinese Communism, to Japan, is less an economic system than an extension of the already long arm, in foreign alliances, of Moscow.

And if Chinese Reds increase in numbers and power, Chiang and his heavy-handed war-lords have only themselves to blame.

Chinese View—"When the burden of feeding tens of thousands of soldiers who came in, supposedly to destroy a few thousand Reds, is added to the long misgovernment of local satraps, squeezing every possible dollar out of a district, many common people choose the Reds as the lesser of two evils and fight government troops sent to 'save' them," writes a non-Communist, long-time resident of inner China in the Shanghai *Times*.

Norman Hanwell, in *Asia*, describes the Red armies spreading Communist gospel in the hinterland as, "tho smaller and less well equipped, much better disciplined and less greedy than the government armies of Chiang Kai-shek." Less rapacious in tax-gathering (more literally, ransoming of whole towns), and less given to looting, they take "only what they need."

During two years in Szechwan and Shensi, from 600 to 1,000 miles from the coast, they have expanded from one to four armies, composed roughly of 60 per cent. poor farmers and farm laborers, 10 per cent. city workers, and 30 per cent. career soldiers from previous armies.

BIRDS WIN LIFE: Policy of Mexican Children Changed as Prejudice Is Overcome

Five hundred Sunday-dressed school children, each clutching a huge wire bird-cage, tramped joyfully to the center of Mexico City last week. In famed Alameda Park, they clustered about the ornithologist, Cuesta Gallardo; their dark eyes shone as they awaited his signal. When it came, each child opened the little door of his bird-cage. Five hundred gaudy song-birds fluttered to freedom, and Mexico's century-old war on birds was at an end.

Once, when the Avenida Juarez was the Grand Canal of the mighty Aztec lake-city, Mexico boasted of a greater variety of song-birds than any known country in the world. But bad harvests and successive insect plagues, centuries later, led a superstitious population to believe that birds were to blame, being themselves a kind of insect. Farmers and peasants united to exterminate them.

Organized Warfare—Fire, poison and paid bird-killers went to work on what was regarded as a national plague. In the region of Lake Chapala, bird peons patrolled the countryside, one for every 7,000 acres. In other parts, strychnine-soaked wheat became part of the bird diet. They died off by the millions until, one day, a rich landowner, who had spent 150 *pesos* for poison, found his fields gnawed bare by worms. It finally dawned on him that birds, when they eat, ate worms as well as grain.

In other parts of the country, however, sling-shots and stones continued to take heavy toll. Swallows fell into the same category as vermin because they "brought bugs into a house." Birds with brilliant plumage died to provide much-cherished amulets for women. And in many parts of Mexico, it is still considered the most spectacular feat of marksmanship to bring down with a single pistol shot a singing cardinal or chipiturrin, perched high on a tree-top.

"Mexico is discovering that song-birds are the most powerful ally in the fight against destructive insects and worms," remarks Señor Gallardo, father of the new bird-saving movement.

SHARING OF MISERY: Liechtenstein Is a Tiny Principality, But Its Wos Are Not Tiny

The angry winds of hate and fear swirling darkly about Europe have finally rustled the corn-fields of a nation which, tho the very symbol of peace, has been officially at war since 1866.

Liechtenstein, puny pin-point on the map of Switzerland, laved by the Rhine but no part of Germany, hurled her mighty host of eighty-one men on the Prussian flank at Königrätz. When Bismarck, in that staggering battle that ruined Benedik and the Hapsburgs, launched the German nation and enforced a victor's peace on Vienna and Dresden, poor little Liechtenstein was ignored at the treaty table. Technically, Austria's microscopic ally is still the foe of both Prussia and Italy.

To-day, eighty-three-year-old Prince Francis I's 10,216 subjects—202 fewer than the town of St. Augustine, Florida—are troubled by more than technicalities. Bound to the Swiss gold franc, they are finding the cost of living painfully high. Worse, it is becoming more and more difficult to market their cattle and dairy products, their corn, wine, fruit and marble. Foreigners are bringing no tourist dollars and marks to the rescue.

Troublesome Influx—On top of that, the recent influx of impecunious refugees—Jews from Germany and Socialists from Austria—has raised the bugbear of supernationalism and anti-Semitism.

For generations, the thought of sharing the miseries of warring Europe had been so unthinkable to the simple farmers and shopkeepers of this Principality, five square miles smaller than the District of Columbia, that their Prince had not even bothered to stay at home. He basked in Vienna, where, among the tattered remnants of Hapsburg aristocracy, his status as ruler of the last of the States comprising the Holy Roman Empire always brought him immense prestige.

Now the venerable ruler's days of peace are over. At home, the youth of Liechtenstein is restlessly following the fortunes of

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Wide World

A veteran of a bygone era—when Liechtenstein was at war with Bismarck's Prussian troops

youth in the great neighboring Powers. Racially of Germanic origin, the entire population vibrates in response to National Socialism and its accompaniments in Germany, on the one hand, and to Austria's resistance to Nazism, on the other.

But the young people can not wait for politicians. Impatient, bewildered in an inhospitable world, they have taken to marching, saluting, hating. The seventy-year period of bliss as Europe's "Forgotten State" has come to an end.

NEW COLONEL: Lindbergh Amid Heel-Clicking Nazis; Warning of Wings Over Europe

A new Charles A. Lindbergh bade farewell to heel-clicking National Socialist aviation officers after a week of "studying technical developments" in Germany.

He was Lindbergh in full maturity, no longer shy, ready to take his place as a world citizen, among the influential of the planet. In a ten-minute speech before German Air Ministry officials on Wednesday, July 22, and at the age of thirty-four, he had thoughtfully and deliberately abandoned, probably forever, the rôle of private citizen to which he had clung with desperate futility since he stepped out of *The Spirit of St. Louis* at Paris at twenty-five.

When, at twenty, he made his first flight; when, at twenty-one, he scraped together $500 and bought a second-hand government "Jenny," his first plane; when, at twenty-two, he enrolled as an Air Corps cadet at San Antonio; when, at twenty-four, he made his first mail-flight, and when, at twenty-five, he floated to that perfect landing as the first to leap on wings from New York to Paris, he was an exceptionally eager flyer.

Personal Flying—Every act and word at Paris on the night of May 21, 1927, when fame seized upon him, and during the following days, showed that he thought of his own flying as solely a personal affair and of no public concern. He had expected to meet a few European pilots and return quietly to New York, still a private citizen.

The ovations, official ceremonies, honorific decorations and unprecedented, overwhelming publicity with which he was showered took him completely by surprize.

After his almost obligatory triumphal tour of European capitals amid a suffocating tumult of adoration, and similar ovations in seventy-five American cities under the auspices of the Daniel Guggenheim Foundation for Promotion of Aeronautics, the young flyer struggled with determination, tho with uneven success, to escape mass lionization.

Even the announcement of his invention, last year, in collaboration with the distinguished Dr. Alexis Carrel, of a "robot heart" permitting vital organs to go on living outside a living body, was made impersonally, with the reticence of a scientist shunning meretricious publicity. To the initial announcement he declined to add any word of personal comment.

But Lindbergh, on his first visit to German soil, no longer was a shy youth, stumbling into the glare of world publicity against his will or by accident. From no tribune on earth would Colonel Lindbergh's words have sounded with more resonance than from the Nazi Air Ministry, where he stood surrounded by the uniformed chiefs of the most swiftly expanding, and already the most powerful, air-force in the world.

Mature Words—His was the discourse of a man in full maturity, ringing the changes upon the word "responsibility," replete with historical perspective of the past and keen foresight into the future.

"We have stripped the armor of every nation in war," he charged. "It is no longer possible to shield the heart of a country with an army . . . Aviation . . . has abolished what we call defense of warfare. We can no longer protect our families with an army. Our libraries, our museums—every institution which we hold most valuable is laid bare to bombardment."

There may have been a lump in his throat at thoughts of his personal tragedy as he spoke the words:

"We can no longer protect our families. . . ." but he was thinking, principally, of *Everyman's* family in the next war. There was no mention of new records, new thrills, new adventures in flying, but of "heavy responsibility," "carriers of destruction," "future generations," "fundamental, revolutionary changes," "world already staggering," "civilization's greatest safeguard," "new type of security—dynamic, not static security," "in intelligence, not in forts," and "power, which must be bound to knowledge."

Lindbergh has lived swiftly these last nine years. On that first landing in Paris, he still was an intelligent juvenile. Perhaps he expressed the swiftness best himself in saying:

"It seems almost as tho we have had the opportunity of living in the future and looking back on our lives, of judging our work through another generation's eyes."

Seeing Eyes—Certainly German aviation was judged during the week of the Colonel's visit to German flying-fields with eyes able to see and understand more than those of any foreigner accorded similar facilities in recent years.

And leaving Germany, he probably is better informed as to the National Socialist Government's actual equipment and intentions with regard to that equipment than any living man outside that government.

Information gravitates to the mind able to assimiliate it, and few minds have been devoted to aviation with more concentration than that of him who, nine years ago, was the stripling "Flying Fool." His trained eyes knew planes for what they were, could determine at a glance, and without possibility of dispute, whether certain civilian planes were, or were not, convertible quickly into bombers, and could not be deceived as to the lifting-power, speed, or cruising-radius of engines.

They could read between the lines, could deduce more from a casual glance at an air-port, than most of them could ascertain in grubbing over volumes about one.

Charles A. Lindbergh, when he returns from Europe, will be a far greater figure than when he left this country. He will be looked upon as THE authority on European aviation, both civil and military.

Champions of both preparedness and arms reduction will strive to win him and to exploit his prestige in the interests of their respective causes.

Wings Abroad—What he learned during his voyage among wings over Europe one does not know; but it is almost certain that he carries more first-hand knowledge of both Germany's air-power and of Britain's recent, almost hysterical, expansion in the air, than any living man.

"As I travel in Europe I am more than ever impressed with the seriousness of the situation which confronts us," he said the first day in Berlin.

"When I see that, within a day or two, damage can be done which no time can ever replace, I begin to realize that we must look for a new type of security . . . not in forts."

The search for a "new type of security" is a work of sufficient caliber to fill any life. Will that be the new Lindbergh's career?

Acme

Colonel Lindbergh: his German listeners heard him advocate intelligence, not force

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REDUCING WEIGHT: SLOWLY AND SAFELY

There Isn't Any Short Cut to Getting Rid of That "Bay Window"

© International

Exercise—if you must—but the best way to reduce is to diet

Pity the poor fat man—and woman. It's no fun having to be fitted for wearing apparel by a tent and awning company, or not being able to get close enough to a table to eat soup; it's even less fun to put a robust appetite to work on a sliver of rye biscuit or a lettuce sandwich.

Oh, sure, the lettuce sandwich will do the business—provided the patient also gallops a few *versts* over hill and dale between nibbles. Any one can safely take off from ten to twelve pounds of blubber between now and the ides of September. But can he keep them off? The main trouble with "bay window" is that it's like an unwanted cat: you think you've got rid of it, and there it is again.

In a way, it's like mowing the lawn. One has to keep at it, year in and year out, resolutely shunning *chaise-longues* and deep-dish blueberry pies. He can't "taper off" on an occasional jelly doughnut, any more than a drunkard can kid himself with "just a few last ones." Says Dr. Robert T. Frank in *Preventive Medicine*, it's a life-long struggle.

And the worst of it is, there isn't any short cut that can be trusted. Exercise and control of the diet offer the only safe solution, Doctor Frank warns.

Necessity the Mother—The first modern diet regimen apparently was introduced ninety years ago by an ear doctor, William Harvey, for a William Banting, Esq., a rotund London undertaker whose girth obliged him to descend the cellar stairs backward. Worse, Mr. Banting could not tie his shoes, and his hearing was failing.

The doctor had the embalmer step on the scales; the needle shot around to fourteen stone and six, or 202 pounds. Said the physician: "You'll have to give up sugar, beer, soups, potatoes, beans, milk, butter and bread." The mortician thought of beer and sighed; then he thought of some of the unkind things Mrs. Banting had been saying, and took the oath. Down went his weight; up went his hearing.

The diet grew and grew in popularity, and for all the English heft it took off, it added a word to the English language. Funk & Wagnalls *New Standard Dictionary* defines *bantingism* as "a method of reducing corpulence."

Meantime, other diets flourished. By 1885 so many methods of reducing were in vogue that a pharmacist named Russell, with still another system, thought of listing some of the schemes in his book, "Corpulency and the Cure."

Russell himself played with capsules, and to that extent is responsible for the plethora of pills that lines to-day's drug store shelves. His potions were made of numerous unpleasant herbal extracts, and had to be cooked and steeped fifteen days. Harmless, tho, he swore.

Dangerous Medicaments—Not so harmless are some of the reducing drugs offered now. Many contain thyroid extract, which speeds up the rate at which food is burned in the body. They do cut weight, in consequence, but unless taken under the watchful eye of a physician, are likely to ruin health to boot.

The newest drug is dinitrophenol, derivatives of which also are widely sold. These, also, are metabolism-speeders; but they increase the rate of burning so violently that an overdose may literally cook the victim to death. A few years ago, a Dr. Hans Gessler of Vienna is said to have taken nine grams—about a tablespoonful—in two doses. And he died of fever.

In small helpings, the fever is not noticeable, but even then the drug sometimes produces kidney trouble and loss of sight. The American Medical Association recently received reports on twelve women in San Francisco who were permanently blinded by reducing pills containing dinitrophenol.

As far as pills go, Doctor Frank insists that fewer than two in a hundred overweights require any kind of drugs or medical treatment. Just watch your diet and give the muscles a workout, he says. As for food, he suggests:

AVOID———

Carbohydrates—bread, candy, cakes, pudding, soufflés, potatoes, macaroni, noodles, spaghetti, lima beans, Boston beans, sugar in every form.

Fats—fatty portions of all meats, butter, cream, bananas, olives, mayonnaise, olive and vegetable oils.

Alcohol.

EAT IN REASON———

All raw fruits (except bananas)—baked or stewed fruits without sugar.

All lean vegetables—spinach, cabbage, coleslaw, red cabbage, cauliflower, tomatoes, broccoli, cucumbers.

Vegetables with little fat—carrots, string beans, peas, red beets, onions, artichokes, Brussels sprouts (once a day).

All salads (except potato), taken with lemon and tomato juice or French dressing made with mineral oil; celery, radishes, pickles.

Skimmed soups (except potato and creamed soups).

All meats (carefully cutting away the fatty portions); lean fish, chicken.

Desserts—nuts, raisins, cheese, jello (without cream), fruit.

Instead of sugar, one-half-grain saccharin tablets to sweeten coffee; crystallose to sweeten fruit.

Primarily, what should be watched is the amount eaten, not so much the specific foods. A pound of fat represents about 4,000 calories. To lose a quarter of a pound a day, 1,000 fewer calories must be eaten. Doctor Frank offers as a sample menu:

BREAKFAST

Grapefruit or stewed prunes, sweetened with crystallose.
One large soda wafer.
Coffee or tea sweetened with saccharin, with or without two tablespoonfuls of milk.

MID-MORNING (10:30 A.M.)

One orange or plum.

LUNCH

Fruit salad (sweetened with crystallose).
Meat of any kind or one egg.
Spinach.
Tomato (raw) with salt.
One large soda wafer.
Jello.

DINNER

Vegetable soup, skimmed.

Illustration from Williams' *Obesity*

Daniel Lambert, possibly the world's champion fat man, weighed 739 pounds at the age of thirty-nine, measured nine feet around body

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Meat or fish (not cooked with butter, lard or oil).
Cabbage or cauliflower or string beans.
Lettuce, cole-slaw or vegetable salad (French dressing made with mineral oil).
Two large soda wafers.
Cheese or nuts.
Coffee (sweetened with saccharin).

ON RETIRING

Raw fruit.

To which Doctor Frank adds two items of caution:

(1) Any attempt to reduce faster than one or two pounds a week almost always results in failure or bad health.

(2) Slow, persistent reduction in the diet extending over many months, along with a gradual—and permanent—change in food habits, is what insures success.

MACHINE AGE: Its Perfection Is Reached in the Making of a Wrist-Watch

Visitors strolling down a motor assembly-line in Detroit dutifully "Oh!" and "Ah!" as proud executives speak of car manufacture as the acme of production engineering. Milton F. Manby, a watch engineer, objects.

In *Machine Design* last week he pointed out that, for sheer ingenuity in mass-production, the assembly of jeweled wrist-watches had automotive methods tied to a stump.

The watch engineer's job is to cram 178 parts into a space not much bigger than a nickel. Fifty of the parts must have freedom to move, and every ten-thousandth of an inch of space must be used. The total number of manufacturing operations involved reaches 1,500, and about a third of the parts are so small they must be handled under a microscope.

Smallest of the watch parts are the screws turned into the rim of the balance-wheel to assure a perfect equilibrium; 7,800 of them would be required to fill a thimble. They are made automatically by screw machines, and so small are their threads—260 to the inch—that they have to be cut by diamond points.

The heart of a watch is the balance-wheel and hair-spring unit whose vibrating back and forth makes the watch tick and regulates the speed of the hands. Alloys which do not contract or expand in cold or hot weather must be used in their manufacture, for temperature changes otherwise would affect the regularity of the motion. The balance-wheel and arm must be made of metal containing little iron; otherwise the watch might become magnetized.

Gyrating back and forth 18,000 times an hour, the balance-wheel travels 4,000 miles a year. Its pivot points, the size of a hair, are of stainless steel; and wear-proof bearings, rubies or sapphires with tiny shafts bored through them, must be provided. The bearings must be polished so that no rough spots will cut through the steel pivots. Surprizingly, this job proves quite simple. The jeweled bearings, strung on a fine wire like so many beads, but with ground diamonds dusted onto the wire, are rolled back and forth on a table.

It takes two years at the drawing-board to plan a new watch model. The preparatory cost may run as high as $100,000, for expert watchmakers, making each part by hand, must construct a working model. Production engineers take the model and figure out how to assemble identical watches by the thousand, every one able to meet specifications for accuracy, lightness and reasonable cost.

Manufacturers—Last year 1,300,000 fine watches of all kinds were made in this country; about half of them were wrist-watches.

They are put together section by section by assemblers who work with jewelers' microscopes screwed to their eyes. Some also have microscopes fastened to their tables. The first step is to assemble the plates holding the wheels; the last is to test the instrument to see whether it is up to standards of accuracy.

The average wrist-watch ticks five times a second, 18,000 ticks an hour, 157,680,000 a year. An accurate watch varies less than thirty seconds a week. This is an allowable variation of 150 ticks in 3,024,000.

Photo Courtesy Gruen Watch Company

To workers on the "assembly-line" of a watch factory, every ten-thousandth of an inch of space is important

HEAL THYSELF: Certain Rules of Osteopaths Are Accepted as Valuable

Sixty years ago, the medicos of Europe were having their battles with a bearded, zealous French chemist, Louis Pasteur, who taught that little bugs cause disease.

In this country, the medicos were having another quarrel, with a thin, determined Missourian, Dr. Andrew Taylor Still, a medical doctor who had eschewed medicine. He taught that the body would heal itself if aided by certain manipulations of the spine, bones, tendons and soft tissues.

Doctor Still founded osteopathy. Last week, the American Osteopathic Association held its annual meeting in New York, the biggest since Doctor Still started it. Proudly its leaders reported that there are 9,000 practising osteopaths in this country, possibly a million or more osteopathic patients.

Expert's View—"I know of no profession that offers greater opportunities," said Dr. Ray G. Hulburt, the association's editor. "Graduate osteopaths find a welcome in any community. Economic studies show that their average income is perhaps a little greater than that of the average medical doctor."

In 1929, it was reported that the osteopath in California, a stronghold of osteopathy, earned $7,490; in Philadelphia, $5,847.

Bitterness still hangs like a curtain between organized medicine and osteopathy, but it is beginning to grow thin in places. Some medical doctors admit the usefulness of osteopathic manipulation in chronic conditions, tho few will go so far as to accept the osteopath's whole philosophy, which is:

1. The normal body can and does defend itself against disease, making its own remedies and transporting them where needed.

2. Disease comes only when something has previously thrown this defensive machine out of joint.

3. Therefore, the way to cure disease is to repair the machine if possible and let the body fight its own battle.

Where the medical doctor goes after disease with specific remedies, the osteopath puts little faith in drugs (tho he may use them). He prefers to manipulate and massage the spine, bones, joints or soft tissues.

Accepted Rules—For health, suggested Dr. Russell C. McCaughan, Executive Secretary of the association, try these rules:

"1. Sleep eight hours every night—we can't all be Edisons or Napoleons.

"2. Drink four or five pints of liquid a day.

"3. Eat slowly, deliberately, a wide variety of foods—a little less than you actually want. If time does not permit a leisurely meal, better not eat at all. Leave the problem of calories and vitamins to your physician.

"4. Never allow yourself to become too good at competitive sports and games. Leave perfection to professionals and to youth.

"5. Walk a lot.

"6. Learn to think deliberately and usefully. Worry and hurry are the twin sisters of fate. They insure a short life and anything but a merry one."

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FEDERAL THEATER TAKES TO THE ROAD

Government's Prodigy to Send New York Successes Trouping

Vandamm Photos

Two stars who plan to tour next season in their hits of last season: Ina Claire, in "End of Summer," and Lynn Fontanne, in "Idiot's Delight"

When, on July 18, Katharine Cornell terminated her engagement of Bernard Shaw's "Saint Joan" at a matinée performance in San Francisco, the theatrical road season for 1935-'36 was officially and unofficially admitted to be at an end. It had been a good year for interesting plays, capably produced and performed. Thousands of playgoers throughout the country voiced approval once more of flesh and blood entertainment, footlights being everywhere dusted off for this revived interest in the legitimate theater.

Curious eyes then turned to scan what the stage's *impresarios* had to offer audiences on the road for 1936-'37. Hardly had the thought occurred than that hardy and prolific newcomer, the Federal Theater, launched its new season. Already playing to localized audiences variously estimated at 500,000 to 900,000 persons weekly in some twenty-seven centers, the Government's dramatic prodigy decided to tour three of its greatest successes.

Trouping Shows—From New York, the Harlem version of "Macbeth" set out for New England, to be followed by stops at the Texas Centennial Exposition at Dallas during August, and at Indianapolis and Chicago. From the Middle West "Triple A Plowed Under," of the Living Newspaper unit is likewise headed for Texas, as is "Follow the Band," sprightly Los Angeles revue.

By September, the regular managers promise a largesse of theatrical entertainment for audiences from coast to coast. The Theater Guild will lead off by sending two established hits and two new plays on the road; the veterans being "End of Summer," with Ina Claire and Osgood Perkins, and "Call It a Day," with Gladys Cooper and Philip Merivale. The newcomers will be Katharine Hepburn in "Jane Eyre," also "And Stars Remain," with Helen Gahagan and Clifton Webb. In addition, Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt are expected to travel to the larger cities after the first of the year.

Other travelers after January will be Helen Hayes in "Victoria Regina" and Miss Cornell in "Wingless Victory," if this Maxwell Anderson play proves a hit in New York.

Regardless of elections or campaigns, "First Lady," with Jane Cowl, is listed to sally forth, scattering its trenchant remarks on social life in the National Capital. Likewise "Love On the Dole," the London success, will tour, as will "Pride and Prejudice," the New York and London hit. To these must also be added "The Children's Hour," which, despite censorship threats, will try to duplicate the acclaim garnered by its picture version, "These Three."

On the musical front, there will be several old-timers, as well as two new entrants. Those perennial Savoyards, the D'Oyly Carte Company, are coming over for another transcontinental junket in their Gilbert and Sullivan repertory, after their enormous success on a previous visit. And for a third year the younger Strauss will be called upon to electrify audiences in "The Blue Danube" finale as "The Great Waltz" sets out for the South and Far West.

With its original cast, "On Your Toes," tuneful Rodgers and Hart wink at classical ballet, will travel afar; Ray Bolger, Tamara Geva, Luella Gear and the song hit—"There's a Small Hotel"—all to be present. Also being assembled now for a tour is the last "Ziegfeld Follies." There will be new numbers, new principals, including Gypsy Rose Lee, retiring strip-tease champion, and Fannie Brice.

Nor may those hardy veterans "Boy Meets Girl," "Three Men on a Horse" and "Tobacco Road" be forgotten. They will all be performed by a number of companies both in cities where they have already played and in new territories.

WPA Federal Theatre Photo

A scene from "Triple A Plowed Under," the Government's controversial play, now on tour

DOLEFUL HERO: Hollywood Dramatizes Wo of Man Forced to Draw $1,000 a Week

The quietest of Hollywood's rising crop of glamour-boys, Henry Fonda, has a field day for himself in "Spendthrift," an amiable and innocuous Walter Wanger film. Fred MacMurray and Robert Taylor, other contenders for stardom, already have had their cinematic innings this season, and it is only just that in the new film Fonda has two leading women, a juicy rôle and some expert support from a good cast.

"Spendthrift" is a fidgety tale of a playboy who dabbles in money, horses and generosity—and admits complete ignorance of women.

By losing a fortune and a wife, he is forced to become a radio sports announcer at $1,000 a week. Inspired by such grief,

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The Colonel (Spencer Charters) and his daughter (Mary Brian) receive their last check from the playboy hero (Henry Fonda) of "Spendthrift"

he wins his way back into a rich uncle's good graces, takes another wife and sees his prize steed win the big race.

Fonda plays with his customary directness and sincerity through some of the most peculiar vocal exhibitions seen in recent months. Mary Brian, surprized no doubt at being a villainess, contributes a Southern accent; Pat Patterson offers a mild Scotch inflection; George Barbier is perpetually explosive and Edward Brophy adds slangy grunts.

Caught up with MacMurray and Taylor, Fonda adds new speculation as to which of the trio will eventually become the biggest box-office draw.

FILM TRAILERS: How the Screen Gives Advance Publicity to Coming Attractions

In a recent court action over the film title "Revolt of the Zombies," the rarely publicized motion-picture trailer was introduced as evidence because of its advertising value. Not to be confused with the increasingly popular automobile trailer, the cinema type is that short film cropping up to proclaim the thrills, chills, fast action, love interest and stars of coming attractions.

During the infant days of the "flickers," announcements were flashed on the screen during the "One Minute to Change Reels." In this period highly colored slides were shown among advertisements for Granny's Corn Fritters, Uncle Joe's Liver Pills, bicycles at half price and sundry merchandise with emphatic remarks such as: "Just a minute while the operator has a fit," or "Please remove your hat, the lady in back might want to see, too." These slides were the direct forerunners of the modern film trailer.

As the cinema matured, advertisements of coming attractions were introduced. These were on slides at first but eventually were made on film. At this point they became known as trailers; "trailer" because they were attached to a reel of a feature or longer piece of film and trailed. In 1920, actual scenes were introduced and from that time the "trailer" business has increased in importance until it is now one of the important branches of the motion-picture industry.

Stars and Stars—The average trailer announcing the GLAMOUROUS star of stars, Mary Jones in that THRILLING—NERVE TINGLING—HEART-TEARING — SOUL-REVEALING — THUNDERBOLT-LIKE—SAGA OF TRUE LOVE—"Cousin Elizabeth"—runs about a minute and a half and is 200 feet long. More than 10,000 theaters are supplied from one to three times a week with these short reels by the National Screen Service. The only production companies not using this service are Warner Brothers and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, both of which prefer to make their own.

Three to eight scenes are cut into the trailer from the picture it announces. The companies supply this scene material and as compensation in addition to the advertising values, they are paid royalties based on the amount of film footage actually used and the number of prints. National Screen Service has scouts who watch the shooting of pictures to select most expressive scenes of the entire story.

Occasionally stars are changed, stories altered, theme songs dropped, or whole scenes deleted. This causes confusion for the trailer makers, especially when title changing runs rampant on the Hollywood lots. Mae West's last picture started as "Klondike Lou," was changed to "Hallelujah, I'm a Saint," and finally released as "Klondike Annie."

National Screen Service has produced up to 2,700 different sorts of these short reels in one year with more than 30,000 prints being issued. The usual feature picture may open in fifty cities simultaneously, but the company has to be prepared for emergencies such as in the case of Shirley Temple's "Curly Top," which opened in four hundred theaters the same week.

Depending on length, wordage and production, the cost of trailers ranges from $300 to $1,500 apiece. Some theaters, such as the Radio City Music Hall in New York, allot an annual budget of $5,000 for exclusive trailers. Most theaters, however, are supplied on yearly contracts at from ten to twenty dollars a week.

Careful Distribution—Peculiarly enough in the problem of trailer distribution, there is a question of censorship. National Screen Service has its own censor, but occasionally eliminations are necessary in some prints and these are marked "For Mass. only," or "O.K. for Pennsylvania," depending on local requirements.

Western films, with action stressed, have to be watched carefully. Censors allow a chair or some weapon to be raised in a fight scene, but the actual striking may not be shown. A man may jump over a cliff but he may not ride a horse in so doing. That constitutes cruelty to animals and is tabu.

Only an instant of machine-guns may be seen. There can be sounds of firing, but the machine-gun must not be shown in action. Two people may clinch and kiss, but they must always be vertical, never horizontal. And kisses are measured actually by footage; thus, three feet of a kiss would represent about two and a half seconds of time, as film is projected ninety feet a second, or approximately twelve minutes for a full reel.

There are three common types of trailers: "talkers" with film scenes, "text" with titles, stills of actors and animation effects and short fifty-foot reels, all titles and with or without music.

Upon the suggestion of the production company, these films are assembled by an editorial and cutting staff. Letterers and artists produce background cards, build small sets for trick photography, do animation and letter advertising matter which is then photographed by the camera crew with an eye toward all kinds of trick work.

The editors work with every available dictionary and word collection in their quest for adjectival fireworks. In the sound library are some 5,000 pieces of music. Sound effects are likewise held available, such as a lion's roar being accomplished by drawing a rosin-covered string through the covered end of an open-end drum; a whale's blowing by forcing air through a short section of hose; a bit more hose achieving an alligator effect. Nails dropping into a keg gave the impression that a rock slide had hit the roof of a house and for a big cave-in, match-boxes held in the hand and crushed before the "mike" produced the desired result.

Recently, with the use of a powerful baby microphone, sound engineers are being sent all over the world. One crew recorded the sounds in the fiords of Norway.

Film Ratings

These ratings represent a consensus arrived at by analysis of the comment of screen reviewers throughout the country. They are not arbitrary ratings set by THE LITERARY DIGEST Screen Editor.

AAAA—"The White Angel"; "The Great Ziegfeld"; "The Green Pastures"; "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford"; "San Francisco."

AAA—"Desire"; "Sons O' Guns"; "Fury"; "Dancing Pirate"; "Early to Bed"; "M'liss"; "The Devil Doll"; "Suzy."

The ratings are: *AAAA*, Excellent; *AAA*, Good; *AA*, Acceptable, and *A*, Poor.

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FOLK-LORE IS PRESERVED IN A FESTIVAL

Pennsylvania Takes Steps to Revive Arts of an Earlier Day

High lights of Pennsylvania's Folk Festival—old-fashioned dances and a statuette of anthracite coal, the remnant of a lost art

From time immemorial, men have carved statues out of rock and wood and clay. Out of anthracite coal, in this country, early Pennsylvania miners sculptured heads and busts and figurines.

The art to-day is lost. But for one man, it might be eternally forgotten, along with the woodcraft, ironcraft and folk-lore of the Keystone State.

Bespectacled George Korson, born in Brooklyn thirty-six years ago, was bundled off to Wilkes-Barre by his parents when he was twelve years old. He won the affection of grizzled, coal-grimed mine-diggers. Enthralled, he sat at their feet and listened to the saga they sang of the "old days."

George Korson grew older. Educated at great sacrifice in a sort of hit-or-miss fashion, he became a newspaper man—a good one—in various parts of the anthracite coal region. His eyes and his ears were open. He learned much. A dream was born in his head. That dream this week leaped into being. On the campus and stadium of Bucknell University at Lewisburg, from Friday of this week until next Monday, is a concrete display of Pennsylvania's early culture. It's the Pennsylvania Folk Festival.

Probably few of the hundreds thronging the exhibit realize all that lies behind it: heartache, toil, and one man's indomitable will: Prof. George Korson's.

For it is no ordinary show. No one is being paid to appear in it. Tho a fee of 25 cents is collected at the door, no pockets are being lined. Whatever is taken in over and above the bare cost of expenses will go toward establishing a permanent Pennsylvania Folk-Lore Museum. That, too, is Korson's idea.

Treasury of Ballads—The first flowering of a boy's dream was his book, "Songs and Ballads of the Anthracite Miner," published in New York in 1927, a work which the miners themselves treasure as a sort of family Bible. The second was the folk-lore festival which he staged in Allentown in 1935, and in other Pennsylvania cities. The full bloom is the present show, which is State-wide in its scope.

The Allentown show was the first real step in George Korson's effort to recapture for all America precious relics of Pennsylvania's past. The Recreation Commission of that city granted him $100 in 1934 with which to organize a folk-lore festival. This money soon ran out. Korson, supporting himself by his "Allentown Rambler" column in the Allentown *Chronicle and News*, gave freely of his own time and leg energy, trying to convince dour miners and canny Pennsylvania Germans that they should contribute to a rejoicing over American history.

To his aid, in January, 1935, came Col. J. H. Zerbey, Jr., publisher of the Pottsville *Republican*, and "Pumpernickel Bill" (William S. Troxell), immensely popular columnist of the Allentown *Morning Call*.

Allentown's assemblage of anthracite miner-jig dancers and Pennsylvania German buck-and-wingers, auctioneers and party-game players drew a crowd of 5,000 through a driving rain.

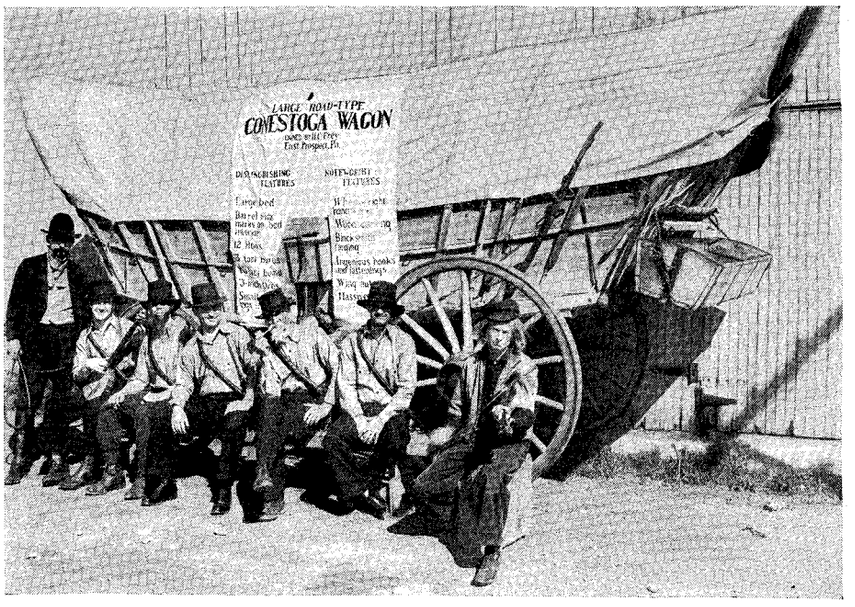
Korson's idea sped from this success to the academic brain of Dr. Homer P. Rainey, then President of Bucknell University, now Director of the American Youth Commission, who offered him the use of the Bucknell campus for a State-wide festival. Jubilantly, Korson accepted, swept from town to town in Pennsylvania, rounding up people and objects for his show.

Non-Professional—Proudly, under ninety-year-old Bucknell's drooping elms, crowds will swarm this week-end—old-time Pennsylvanians, miners, modern business men of German ancestry—to recall happily the history of their State.

Real Seneca Indians will perform warrior dances in full costume. Swedish folk-songs, representing the culture of Pennsylvania's first white settlers (they came in 1638, near Chester, forty-four years before William Penn bought his tract from the Indians), will be sung by descendants also properly costumed. Other folk-song singers attired in peasant costumes of Picardy and Normandy, embroidered and colored in medieval patterns, older than those found in picturesque French tourist haunts to-day, will be there.

The musical instruments, language, amusements and hobbies of the Pennsylvania Germans, backbone of the State's farming communities, are, of course, well represented. A fun-loving, social people they were who gathered to play games whenever corn-husking had to be done. The "jolly Dutchman" varied husking-bees with kissing-games, called, in their queerly-spelled, American-born German dialect: "Farva Rota," "Grobba Sheese" and "Mush Rera."

This week, around a Conestoga wagon, descendants of the pioneers in wagoners' costume again will gather to swap tall stories. Numerous will be the musical instruments, fiddles and harmonicas; two bow zithers nearly 150 years old. And the



Stream-lined transport of pioneers: Pennsylvanians, gathered around a Conestoga wagon, celebrate the nineteenth century

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LITERARY DIGEST Photos by John Randolph Whiting

Harlem's art school in action: Henry Bannern sculpts with cigar and chisel . . .

craft of iron-workers is here in abundance —tavern signs, fireplace utensils, wagon jacks.

Missing only from the show are the Quaker incorporators who gave Pennsylvania its name. Reason: Believing in plainness and purity of the spirit, they built no folk-lore, frowned on anything that savored of the frivolous, eschewed the decorative arts.

CREATIVE NEGROES:

Harlem Has Its Artists, Working Under Difficult Conditions

Swing music, bright laughter on dark-skinned faces and the squeak of yellow shoes mingle along Harlem's Lenox Avenue. But in a three-room studio over a warehouse off upper Sixth Avenue, a preoccupied silence prevails. Young Negro artists are working late into the night, trying to reach a good stopping place before the curfew rings.

Crowded about paint-and-plaster-stained tables and easels, under the glare of two unshaded electric bulbs in the studio's largest room, two dozen youths who constitute the advanced class of a unique school and art center are making all the sacrifices their muse demands. They find it a struggle to keep going, even with the able leadership of Charles Alston, muralist and magazine illustrator, and Henry Bannern, employed by day in chiseling decorations for the Harlem Housing Project.

Two years ago the highly individual art school for young Negro painters and sculptors was formed, aided and abetted by WPA. Everything was rosy. Then came the blow. Early this year the funds supporting the project were withdrawn. Gloom stalked the little group, and to all appearances the center was doomed.

Charles Alston and Henry Bannern, however, refused to accept defeat. "We've got to keep this thing going," Alston said one night in a discussion of ways and means. "We're a center as well as a school, for real artists. Harlem is full of artists right now who are getting a new lease on life out of this place. And the public is interested. We can't let either of them down."

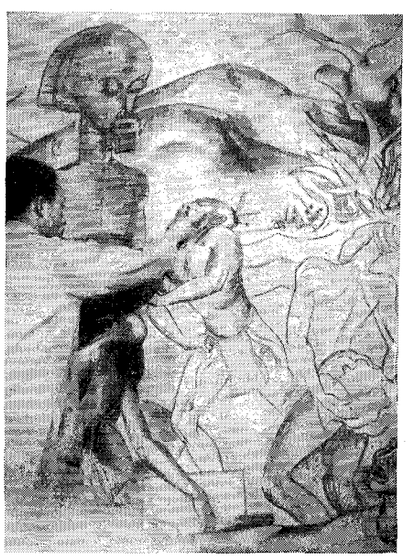
"We won't," said Bannern over his habitual cigar. "I'll contribute all the money I can pick up."

"And I," said Alston and others.

Program Announced—A month after their momentous decision, Alston and Bannern awaited a visit from the studio's landlord. Despondently conscious of rent arrears and an empty treasury, they admitted him when he knocked on the door. And then, while students and fellow artists listened with bated breath, they explained their dilemma.

"Don't tell anybody else about this," the landlord said, eying the tense faces for some one who might possibly be an outsider. "But I'll let the rent slide while you boys keep your school going. I like what you're doing for the community, and you can pay me when you sell a few of those masterpieces."

Salable masterpieces have not yet appeared. In the meantime, urgently in need of funds for the center, Bannern parted for a lump sum with his rights to a statuette



. . . Charles Alston attacks "Superstition," in a sketch for his Harlem Hospital mural . . .

he had sculptured of Joe Louis. "Alston says I was crazy," he explains, his face parting in a grin. "But that was before the Schmeling fight."

Alston, too, has done his share; and so have the students themselves. Pinching pennies from their meager budgets, they have purchased paints and limestone and canvas. Sales of finished works, as artists are finding to-day the world over, still are slim.

Intensive work is the rule in Harlem's creative school; but also there is the air of a social gathering. Brush and chisel artists rest minds and hands now and then in a bridge game over in a corner of the studio. But the game goes none too smoothly, for one or another player is always jumping up, struck with an idea, to don his smock again. Then again come those leisurely hours when work goes along easily and talk turns to the latest prize-fight or the new singer in a Lenox Avenue hot spot.

Dominating the work of their brushes and tools are scenes and people from their own sphere; swirling Harlem that to an outsider may seem peopled as uniformly as its unbroken blocks of houses are lined up, but which to an insider is a cosmopolitan city of Americans, West Indians, South Americans, Mexicans, Africans and Abyssinians.

Twenty-eight-year-old Charles Alston, a native of Charleston, South Carolina, came to New York when he was eight years old. It was not until two years ago that he met Oklahoma-born Henry Bannern, twenty-six, who left a fully equipped Minneapolis studio to come to New York to study art. Almost immediately both conceived the idea for a combination Negro school and art center.

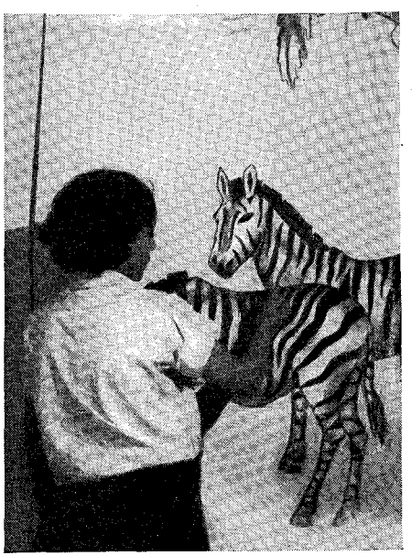
Artists' Records—Both artists are well known. Alston, who is completing two murals for the Harlem Hospital, has done illustrations for *Judge, Collier's, The American Magazine* and *The New Yorker*. He has designed book jackets for publishers, and was the first Negro to win a Dow scholarship at Columbia, where he took his M.A. He has definite and pugnacious ideas as to how his race should be painted.

"We had some trouble getting my mural idea approved," he says, adjusting reflectively his smart bow-tie. "There was considerable protest from the conservatives up here. You see the faces of those Negroes in the sketches for the murals,"—he pointed to a fourteen-foot drawing on the white wall—"are angular, different from the conventional concept of beauty. But when you paint Negroes who look like Greek gods, you're just faking."

Henry Bannern is both a sculptor and a painter. Recently, he started a bust in black marble of Frederick Douglass, Negro, and one of the founders of the Republican Party, for the alumni of Howard University. Many of his newer paintings, hung scatteredly on the walls of the Center, are of bleak, wind-swept landscapes.

"There's Spuyten Duyvil, New York," he says, gesturing at a picture of a group of skaters. "But it looks like Minnesota. I'm getting ideas from the life in Harlem. And right now the biggest thing I've learned in painting is how to get down on canvas the atmosphere of the scenes back home."

Star scholar of the youngsters whose talents have been developed and are being developed by the encouragement of but



. . . and Sara Murrell, star pupil, works on zebras, as her first commission

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slightly older workers is slim, taciturn Sara Murrell, who had been uninterested in study until she wandered into one of the school's first sessions. Now she does as many as a dozen water-colors in an afternoon and evening. For her, a commission to paint murals of brightly colored jungle animals in the children's ward of Cumberland Hospital in New York was recently obtained on the recommendation of Alston and Bannern.

"We are proud of that," they state in unison. "We don't believe an art education ends with giving lessons. We want to help get orders for these pupils whenever they show they've got the stuff."

NEW BOOKS: A Novel of Waterloo, a Modern Hamlet and Modern Mythology

Waterloo. By Manuel Komroff. 307 pp. (New York: Coward-McCann; $2.50.)

Mr. Komroff, art critic, movie reviewer, editorial writer, book manufacturer and editor of the Modern Library, won a public subsequent to his "Coronet" in 1929. It has been estimated that "Coronet" had a million readers. Its author thus became a shining mark for critical ink.

No fault has been found with Mr. Komroff's research in "Waterloo," successor to "Coronet." Obviously, it has been prodigious, and its results have been agreeable to

Underwood

Manuel Komroff: a shining mark for critical ink

those who still find in Napoleon the principal of one of history's most astonishing stories. There is, however, some quarreling with the author's bold scrapping of heroic prose and his parsimonious use of the King's English in describing epochal events. Having turned up a wealth of human material to back episodes occurring upon the field of battle, the author briskly moves on to another incident, leaving his beneficiary a little irritated.

Consider the case of the *vivandière* who bore a child and died while the French were hurling themselves upon the Wellington forces. Before the peasant girl perished, she carried the infant to the roadside, laid it in an upturned breastplate and, knowing the soldiers, robbed the dead to pile trinkets about the pink bundle so that some warrior would be sure to see it.

A German officer found the child, took it home and brought it up. Subsequently, he married her. A granddaughter from the marriage became the wife of Baron de Lesseps, who originated the Suez Canal and started the great ditch across the Isthmus of Panama. It is related that the newborn child at Waterloo was worth the watches of eighteen dead men. Yet Komroff gave her only two pages in his novel.

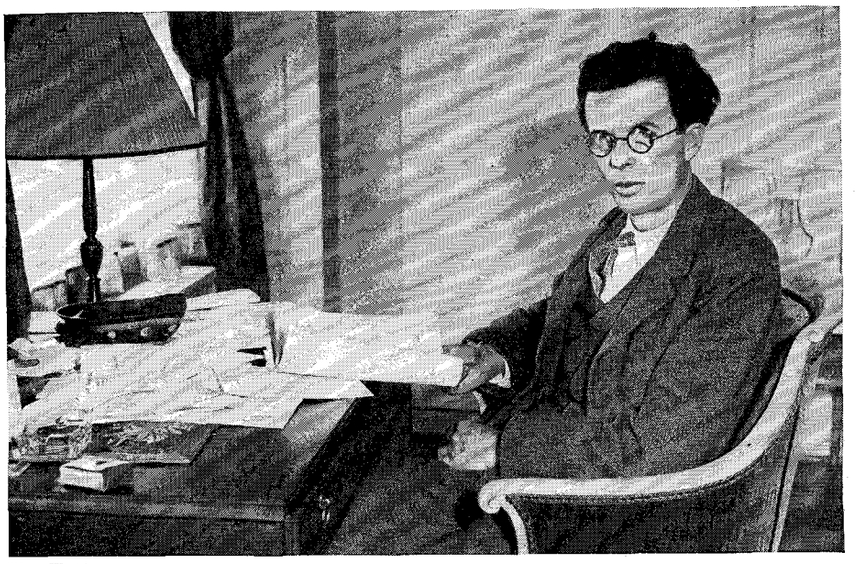
Then there was the day after the battle when Paris went wild with joy, having received a report that Napoleon had won. Not enough detail is given to it—or the disillusionment that came two days later. One parades through a swift succession of fascinating episodes—the two little boys sailing a tiny boat on the river reddened by the bloodshed of combat; M. Sardou, put out because the noise of Napoleon's landing at Cannes interfered with the school class he was conducting—all of which are sternly compressed into a small compass by this author with so much to say and so little space in which to say it.

Critical Opinion—CHICAGO NEWS: *"A swell historical novel. It is true that the author of 'Coronet' is somewhat of the old school of 'costume' romance, with just a dash of realism and a hint here and there as to the forces at work behind the large noise. But within the scope of his interests he is a talented writer. . . . It must be said in all fairness that the battle of Waterloo itself has perhaps never before been so beautifully reconstructed."*

* * *

Eyeless in Gaza. By Aldous Huxley. 473 pp. (New York: Harper and Brothers; $2.50.)

Mr. Huxley's writing has flowered chastely under the watchful eyes of the critical literary fraternity. They have discovered within its corolla the still undeveloped kernel which was to be the fruit of the great age of intellectual emancipation. To their dismay, "Eyeless in Gaza" makes a pretty poor harvest.



Wide World

Aldous Huxley: no longer as sure of himself as he was

The novel finds Mr. Huxley no longer as sure of himself as he was in "Brave New World." He seems distinctly uncomfortable as he looks about him and sees on all sides the establishment of dictatorships, the rejection of the peace ideal and the subjection of the intellectual individualist. Through young *Anthony*, he discovers that the intelligentsia have, in fact, been running away from reality.

"Having spent all his life trying to react away from the standards of his father's universe, he had succeeded in becoming precisely what his father was—a man in a burrow," Mr. Huxley reflects. And it has struck others that *Anthony* is something of a twentieth century *Hamlet*, and that Mr. Huxley himself has realized that *Hamlets* catch the ear of the populace only when they appear upon a stage.

Because the novel is an attempt to sum up the gains and write off the losses of those who try to be moderns, it is difficult to treat it in any mood but respectful sobriety. Even Mr. Huxley's satire is somewhat heavy of heart.

"In the snuggest of intellectual otherworlds, life could find one out," *Anthony* is compelled to believe. The freedom man enjoys is but a honeymoon which "may last for as much as twenty or thirty years. Then the fact of the new slavery imposes itself on men's consciousness."

Not that the eyeless ones in Gaza are to be taken as dopes. *Anthony* is a putterer, but, in his own way, answers "yes" to life. In spite of his smart cynicism, he doesn't quite know what to do when *Joan*, the beloved of his friend *Brian*, falls in love with him instead. The result of this indecision is, of course, tragic.

One will find, upon laying aside the book and scanning the daily paper, that *Anthony's* musings are a continued flight from reality. But Mr. Huxley's graceful swan-dives from high-toned philosophy into purple melodrama are never dull.

Critical Opinions—CHICAGO TRIBUNE: *"Aldous Huxley again has satisfied the ultraintelligent reader's almost scientific curiosity about the mental processes of his fellow men with 'Eyeless in Gaza.' In a philosophical novel as full of rich mental*

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fare as this one, the form doesn't really matter, the content is of such stimulating importance. . . . Not easy to read."

BALTIMORE SUN: *"Mr. Huxley has been caught at last in the press of the world's distempers. Eyeless in Gaza, he has sought for light. His novel is a record of that search. If it is remarkably vivacious reading, that is probably because of the short essays with which it is interleaved. . . . It is leaded with the richness of Mr. Huxley's lavish reading and curiosity, his sparkling cerebration."*

* * *

Panic Among Puritans. By James Laver. 296 pp. (New York: Farrar and Rinehart; $2.50.)

Mr. Laver, an enthusiast of the classics, already has revealed to us that an erudite intimacy with the past need not weigh down a sense of humor; witness his "Nymph Errant" and "Background for Venus." In "Panic Among Puritans," he again proves that satire need not be less biting because it observes the boundaries of good taste.

It all began, in this tale, when the English town constable arrested a young beauty for swimming in a state of nature. He locked her up in the local jail and ran to get the magistrate. Alas, when they returned, the jail was as empty as *Old Mother Hubbard's* cupboard.

The policeman's strange experience with the goddess caused no end of discussion in the letters-to-the-editor columns of the press. And before the goddess, and a whole excursion-load of gods and demigods finished their inspection of English mankind, the country was thrown into an uproar. A satyr scared the wits out of picnicking strip-tease actresses. Dionysius paid a visit to a charity revel and threw the place into a panic. Venus attended a meeting of dear old ladies, who were called together to improve the lot of the erring, and made a speech. Apollo found the poets long on words and short of performance. Only Mars approved.

Critical Opinion—SAVANNAH NEWS: *"It is merry, wise and clever. One of those rare books that is different. . . . Not for the Puritans, but for all people who enjoy wit and a literary flavor."*

Best Sellers

Week Ending July 18

Fiction

Gone With the Wind, by Margaret Mitchell. (Macmillan, $3.)
Sparkenbroke, by Charles Morgan. (Macmillan, $2.75.)
The Doctor, by Mary Roberts Rinehart. (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.)
Sanfelice, by Vincent Sheean. (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50.)
The Last Puritan, by George Santayana. (Scribner, $2.75.)
Clansmen, by Ethel Boileau (E. P. Dutton, $2.50.)

Non-Fiction

Wake Up and Live! by Dorothea Brande. (Simon & Schuster, $1.75.)
The Way of a Transgressor, by Negley Farson. (Harcourt, Brace, $3.)
Around the World in Eleven Years, by Patience, Richard and John Abbe. (Stokes, $2.)
Man, The Unknown, by Alexis Carrel. (Harper, $3.50.)
Inside Europe, by John Gunther. (Harper, $3.50.)

Current Poetry

APRIL

BY JOHN RICHARD MORELAND

Because your spirit
Is changeless and eternal,
A fire that constantly
Consumes the darkness
I shall not fear
Death's haunting icy shadow
In my last sleeping.

If earth—austere
And terrible in strength,—
Is torn asunder
By seed that love the sun,
I, too, shall wake,
Escape and quickly answer
To April's calling.

—From *From Dingle to Derry.* (The Kaleidograph Press, Dallas, Texas.)

STANDARD FORGINGS PLANT

BY WILLIAM STEPHENS

All day, all night, we hear, we feel
The dull, continual thud
Of drop-forge hammers pounding steel
To axle-shape and shafted wheel,
To coupling, tie-plate, bolt and stud.

Through long, low blocks of dirty red
Faded by rain and sun
Those hammers fall in shed past shed
That underfoot and overhead
Move with the plunge of ton on ton.

Their impact rocks the solid ground,
Sand, shale, clay, granite-stone:
In street and house for blocks around
The heavy shock, the hollow sound
Shake walls, floors, windows, brain and bone.

—*Common Sense.*

FAREWELL TO A WINGED HORSE

BY MARGERY MANSFIELD

Whinny, my pony! Plunge to regions higher—
The world's on fire
And no safe place for silver hoofs to stay.
Sky's cool and wider, tho your rider
I can not be to-day
For I am fettered to an earthly lyre.
But you, plunge higher!—
There's blue beyond the gray.
Then when the wreck's done burning,
We'll hear, on some clear morning,
Pegasus, returning,
With what a thundering neigh!

—*Poetry.*

THE THIEVES OF BAGDAD

BY BENOIN JACQUES STANDLEY

The thieves of Bagdad stride at night
Along the colonnade
Where turbaned eunuchs fan themselves
With plumes of rose and jade.

The thieves of Bagdad come with gold
And swathed in silk and pearls,
To gamble at the gay bazaars
And steal the dancing girls.

The thieves of Bagdad swagger forth
Like sultans in disguise,
With velvet purrs and tiger claws
And danger in their eyes.

—*Westward.*

REMEMBRANCE

BY MARION E. THORPE DILLER

Seeing your
Face across lost years,—
Is to remember sunsets. . . .
And bright red-gold leaves falling crisply
From old trees.

—*The Step Ladder.*

TEA FOR TWO

BY KINSLEY TUFTS

How long will the water boil
Before it boils away?
A cup of tea for you and me—
Please, please stay.

Will you have it weak or strong?
Better have it strong.
Outside the wind is bitter cold,
The afternoon is long.

A cup of tea for you and me,
Brewed of an old desire;
The fragrant smoke of lemon-rind
Upon an open fire.

—*Shards.*

LAMENT OF A WHITE HOUSE STENOGRAPHER

BY PETER WARNER

Through verbal fogs, the quick brown dogs
Jump over the lazy foxes,
And candidates from all the States,
Are thinking of ballot-boxes.

Fat babes are kissed by the lobbyist.
Back-slapping grows more hearty.
Now is the time for all good men
To come to the aid of the Party.

For in such ways, these parlous days
New Presidents are made.
Good man, quick dog, and lazy fox
All come to the Parties' aid.

—*The Conning Tower, New York Herald Tribune.*

JOHN RICHARD MORELAND, author of six books of poetry, is founder of "The Lyric," a magazine of poetry now fifteen years old. Lives at Norfolk, Virginia, and doesn't smile when photographed because when he does his "mouth takes up all the picture," as he has explained it

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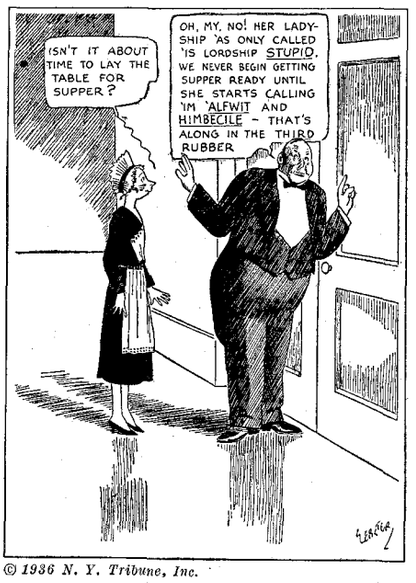
BRIDGE QUARRELS: SCALE WORLD-WIDE

Master Players and Masters of Publicity Have Built Up Game


ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME TO LAY THE TABLE FOR SUPPER?
OH, MY, NO! HER LADYSHIP 'AS ONLY CALLED 'IS LORDSHIP STUPID. WE NEVER BEGIN GETTING SUPPER READY UNTIL SHE STARTS CALLING 'IM 'ALFWIT AND HIMBECILE - THAT'S ALONG IN THE THIRD RUBBER
Webster

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BRIDGE

—Webster in the New York Herald Tribune

Hot words will fly—and perhaps a fist or two—when bridge fans get down to the business of winning or losing championships next week. The American Bridge League, in the huge Convention Pier at Asbury Park, New Jersey, is opening its seventh annual summer meeting.

Among the entrants will be many of the nation's 200 master players, out to win away the von Zedtwitz Gold Cup from defending champions B. J. Becker and Theodore Lightner. Conspicuous by their absence will be most members of Ely Culbertson's United States Bridge Association, bitter rivals of the American Bridge League.

The best bridge fights are not always staged in amateur circles. At a session of the Culbertson-Lenz match in 1931, Culbertson and Sir Derrick Wernher, a British kibitzer, tried to settle an argument *via* the knock-out route. Officials and fans barely broke up a fracas which proved to be valuable publicity, pointing up a Culbertson bridge victory.

Disputes of the Four Aces, leading contract team of four, were the most recent to upset the bridge world. The team of Oswald Jacoby, David Burnstine, Howard Schenken and Michael Gottlieb has broken up. Gottlieb, chief backer of the aggregation in its syndicated activities, and generally regarded as the money man of the group, is no longer a member. He asserts he resigned; his erstwhile partners contend they threw him out.

World-Wide Argument—The scope of bridge quarrels to-day is definitely international, with the American Bridge League belonging to the International Bridge League, and the United States Association belonging to the International Bridge Union. Negotiations last year in America to patch up the differences between the two bridge associations ended in failure.

Ely Culbertson, whose recent statement that he would retire from the bridge world certainly is not his first to the same effect, has not been outstandingly successful in major tournament play since 1930, when he won nearly every match in sight. He is still, however, the dominant national and international figure in the game, and in this position, he has amassed a fortune.

His contract activities have exploited his personality more successfully than those of any other American. Born abroad, son of an American engineer and a Russian mother, he is blond and slim, with a quick, intense manner; dresses with restraint. His gross income from *Bridge World*, leading publication in the field; from the writing of books and syndicated articles, the authorization and instruction of teachers, his bridge clubs in Chicago and New York, his sponsorship of bridge equipment, totals well over $1,000,000 a year.

Mrs. Culbertson, an expert bridge teacher who taught her husband the fine points of the game, often makes up the other half of the Culbertson bridge team. They have exploited the fact that, in their case, at least, husband and wife can get along at a card-table. In the spring of 1935, they defeated another well-known bridge couple, Mr. and Mrs. P. Hal Sims, by 16,130 points in a 150-rubber match.

Masterpiece of Publicity—The famous Lenz-Culbertson match, in which Culbertson and the British kibitzer swapped punches, proved to be one of the greatest promotion stunts of the present decade. The match took contract out of a few bridge clubs and placed it in every other home throughout the land. Throughout the play, hundreds of newspapers splurged it on page one. London dailies ordered special coverage. To-day, the game has more followers than any other sport.

P. Hal Sims, along with Culbertson, was the chief tournament luminary in the years 1930 to 1932. Large, slow and deliberate, in contrast with Culbertson, he dresses in tweeds and homespun. His wife, small and dark-eyed, likewise affects country clothes, as a contrast with the sleek grooming of Mrs. Culbertson. With William Karn, David Burnstine and Oswald Jacoby, Sims made up the Four Horsemen who won the Vanderbilt Cup in 1931 and 1932.

The Four Aces, with Burnstine and Jacoby joined up with Gottlieb and Schenken in 1934 and 1935, won the Vanderbilt Cup match, the Masters' Contract Team of Four Championship, chief American Bridge League honor, and almost every bridge honor in the country. Until their recent split, they had no serious rivals in the world.

A year ago, Gottlieb and Schenken, playing in England and on the Continent, won every match with almost ridiculous ease. As had Culbertson and associates in previous years, they demonstrated the superiority of the American brand of bridge. Last December, a French team, claiming the title of champions of Europe, played the Four Aces in a 300-hand match in a New York hotel. Giant cards in near-by Madison Square Garden showed the play to a paying public. But the match was, from the promoter's viewpoint, a failure, for, as had been expected, the invaders offered no serious competition.

Notable Players—Other important bridge personalities are Harold S. Vanderbilt, social leader, one of the slowest players in the game and a stickler for rules; Waldemar von Zedtwitz, wealthy former Austrian baron who holds the 1936 individual master's championship; Miss Elinor Murdoch, who won the honor in 1934; Mrs. Robert Fuller; Theodore Lightner; B. Jay Becker, who may replace Gottlieb in the Four Aces at Asbury Park, and Lewis J. Haddad, former President of the American Bridge League.

The field of competitors next week will represent every part of the United States, selected through the most severe competitive tests. But bridge, like other games, has a habit of providing upsets. Some youngster whose skill has as yet been unrecognized beyond his home-State may steal the show.

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A foursome which will probably play no more bridge together (left to right, clockwise): Ely Culbertson, Theodore Lightner, Oswald Jacoby and Michael Gottlieb

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Parade

On his forty-foot motor-yacht *Arielle*, **Durand-Couppel de Saint Front**, French marine painter better known as **Marin-Marie**, set out from New York to cross the Atlantic. Equipped with enough food and water for several months, five tons of fuel, a short-wave wireless set and a radio telephone, he hopes to reach Havre in sixteen to twenty days.

In 1933, Marin-Marie crossed from France to New York in the sailboat *Winnibelle*. He invented an automatic tiller that kept his craft on her course, despite winds and seas. He has since perfected the instrument, but to insure greater safety will travel south of the steamship lane, so that he can get his regular sleep.

New York *Post* Photo

Helen Hayden Howard: her grandfather, not she, jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge

To assure him of amusement for leisure moments, a harmonica was prominent among the *bon voyage* gifts.

* * *

Kata Ragoso, paramount chieftain of Marovo in the Solomon Islands and former Cannibal King, is traveling through the United States. He is now an ordained minister of the Seventh Day Adventist Church.

"Policemen to-day must have the patience of a donkey, the kick of a mule, the vision of an eagle and the daring of a lion." So declared **Magistrate Thomas A. Aurelio** of New York to forty police rookies.

Fifty years after **Steve Brodie** made his celebrated jump from Brooklyn Bridge for $200, his granddaughter, **Helen Hayden Howard**, prominent swimmer and diver, planned to cross the bridge and stand on the place of the jump. No—she did not expect to perform a similar feat, altho she and her mother are suing a film company for having insinuated Grandpa Brodie did not make the leap but used a dummy instead.

* * *

Lily Pons, prima donna, admitted her engagement to Andre Kostalanetz, conductor. "I am too busy now," she said. "But we will be married somewhere soon."

On the night of October 31, Hallowe'en, **Mrs. Harry Houdini**, widow of the magician, will hold "just one more séance" in a final attempt to reach her husband's spirit through a system of prearranged signals. It will be ten years to the day since Houdini's death. "If the spirit doesn't come then, I don't think there will be much chance," the widow explained. (See THE LITERARY DIGEST, July 25, 1936, Page 28.)

Returning to her villa from a regional festival, **La Argentina**, noted Spanish dancer, succumbed to a heart attack in Bayonne, France. Long a favorite in America, she was to have begun another tour on January 2.

* * *

Fifty years a reporter on the Gloversville, (N. Y.) *Leader-Republican and The Morning Herald*, **Edward A. Frye** celebrated his eighty-second birthday. When his friends called him the "dean" of active New York State newspaper men, the query once again went out as to who might be the oldest active reporter in the country. From Taft, California, then came the news that Cassius George Noble, previous undisputed title-holder, had died at ninety-two.

Bowing before the indignant demands of relatives, **Francis O. French**, father of Mrs. John Jacob Astor, withdrew his book of memoirs from publishers. "My original idea," he said, "was to call it 'The Cesspool,' but I changed that to 'Yankee Shield Bearers'." He denied that the contents would rock Newport society.

* * *

Edsel Ford, with Mrs. Ford and two sons, sailed on the *Bremen* to pass five weeks in England, France and Germany on a visit to the factories of the Ford Company. Business conditions in this country, he thought, were "very good."

"From here on," said **G. Aubrey Smith**, actor, "I should stop counting my birthdays to keep my friends from worrying about me." Active at seventy-three, he plays cricket in Hollywood every Sunday. "The only time I ever felt my age was over sixty," he reported, "was because I gave up cricket for a while."

* * *

Aeronautical research soon will be the goal of **Amelia Earhart's** next transcontinental flight when she embarks in her 210-mile-an-hour flying laboratory. The new craft is a twin-motored, all-metal monoplane with extra fuselage tanks capable of carrying 1,250 gallons of gasoline. It is also equipped with a device so it can be flown without human guidance.

Threatening to sell his quail farm in North Carolina and move to Canada if President Roosevelt is reelected, **Julian T. Bishop** nevertheless emphasized his lack of interest in politics. "I have no particular grievance against the New Deal," he said. "I differ with Roosevelt and the whole darn gang down there on everything."

* * *

"I am sure that in this country, as in France, the woman has strong control over her husband's sentiments," declared **Gen. Georges Paul Pouderoux** of the French Army. The visitor was speaking before women's clubs on peace.

In the fifty years he has been writing, **E. Phillips Oppenheim** admits he has had more than 10,000,000 words published in 100 novels, thirty-three collections of short stories, three omnibus volumes and one travel book.

* * *

The chief difference between economic conditions in Hungary and the United States is the attitude toward wages, said **Alexander Garbai**, former President of Hungary. "A Supreme Court Justice in my country receives in one month what an American bricklayer earns in a week." Garbai is lecturing in the United States on the political economy of Central Europe.

Mrs. Susan Frawley Eisele of Blue Earth, Minnesota, was judged the best rural correspondent in 1936 by the *Country Home Magazine*. She conducts a column in the Fairmont (Minn.) *Sentinel*.

Life in Paris and New York society during the past fifty years will be reviewed by **E. Berry Wall** in his personal memoirs. Known as the "King of Dudes" in the '80s in New York, he has been a resident of Paris for many years.

* * *

Declaring the whole Far East to be like a boiling pot, **Roy Chapman Andrews**, explorer, returned from a three months' trip to the Orient. He predicted a clash between Japan and Russia in the near future and said that Japan would gradually gain control of the entire Far East.

In an address at Bucknell University, **J. H. Furay**, Vice-President and General Foreign Manager of the United Press, said that news distortion on the part of foreign governments had reached the proportions of a bloodless war. He added: "The battle has made the position of legitimate news agency correspondents unenviable."

Dr. Richard Pearson Strong, sixty-four-year-old Boston biologist, married Miss Grace Nichols, sixty-one, also of Boston, in London.

On the summit of Mount Evans, 14,260 feet above sea-level in Colorado, **Dr. Joyce C. Stearns** has built a two-room house devised to keep out snowstorms, lightning, rats—"everything except cosmic rays, which are welcomed." The scientist wishes to record the activities of the latter.

Wide World

E. Phillips Oppenheim: in fifty years of writing he has published more than 10,000,000 words

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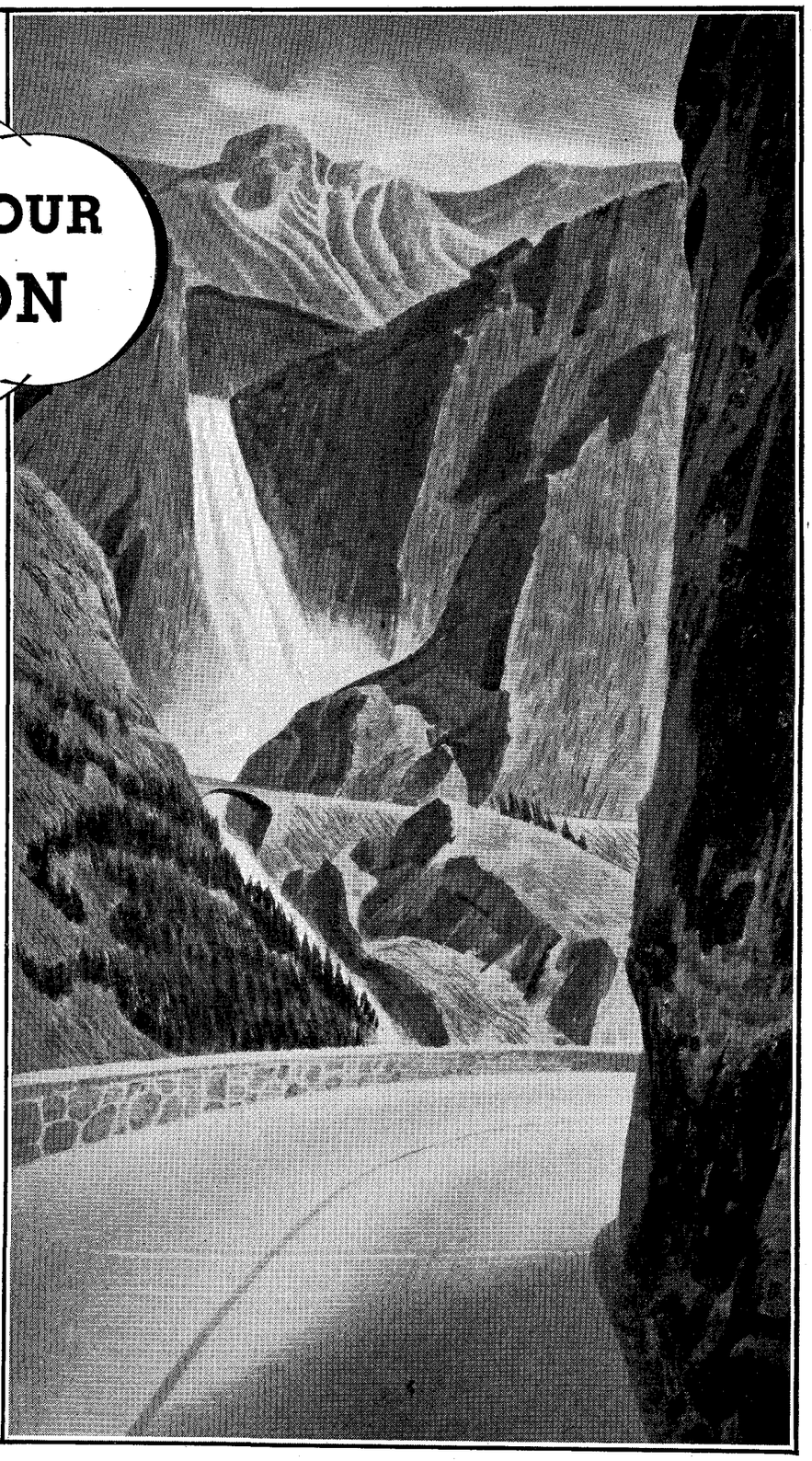

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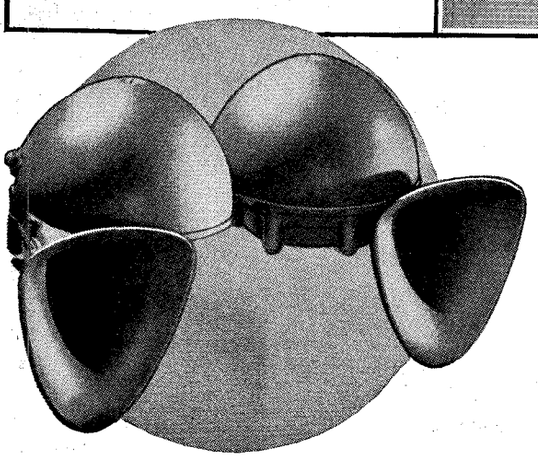

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"BUBBLES": THE NEWEST PUBLIC RAT NO. 1

Iowa Bank Robber Becomes Object of Nation-Wide Hunt

Five minutes before 4 o'clock closing time. The three employees of the State Bank of Ellsworth, Minnesota, were preparing to call April 1 a day, go home to pork chops and gravy.

Glancing up from her ledger, the bookkeeper, Miss Theresa Burke, saw three men sidling through the door, revolvers drawn. She knew it was no April fool joke.

So did her colleagues, when the bandit trio threw the bank trio and a stray depositor out of their car a quarter of a mile from town, and skipped off with $3,007.90.

So, too, did the Federal Bureau of Investigation, which last week went after the gang in earnest, and the newspapers, which dubbed its mild-looking, sharp-nosed, smallish leader America's latest Public Enemy No. 1.

Known to his companions as "Bubbles" or "Blondie," he is known to J. Edgar Hoover, chief of the FBI, as Maurice Denning, twenty-eight years old, a native of Afton, Iowa, and "one of the most notorious bank robbers at large. Five feet, six inches tall, weight 145 pounds, blue eyes, light brown hair, medium ruddy complexion."

Busy Raider—At first glance, the new No. 1 Nuisance seems a milk-and-water imitation of such illustrious predecessors as "Scarface Al" Capone and "Pretty Boy" Floyd. Actually, for a man who started in a small way as a Council Bluffs, Iowa, bootlegger, he has not done badly in crime. At present, he is under indictment in Federal courts for five national bank robberies—at Hawarden, Iowa; Dell Rapids, South Dakota; Superior, Nebraska; Hudson, South Dakota, and Smith Center, Kansas. The amounts stolen ranged from $1,363.85 to $10,000.

The job of which Denning is no doubt proudest was pulled off in August, 1934. The gang raided the National Guard Armory at Windom, Minnesota, got away with nine Army automatic pistols, two Springfield rifles and other equipment. Not even the soldiers could catch him.

But Mr. Hoover and his famed "G Men" intend to catch the man they insist on calling Public Rat No. 1. As a preliminary, the FBI last week began distributing 250,000 circulars concerning Denning.

Thus, officially, the country again had a Class AA criminal—after having been without one for a couple of months. The whirlwind clean-up staged by "G Men" in May, when Alvin Karpis, William Mahan, Harry Campbell and Thomas H. Robinson were captured in different parts of the country within a few days, had left No. 1 spot without an occupant.

Calling the Roll—The designation was first used a decade ago in connection with Capone, beer and vice overlord of Chicago, who is now serving an eleven-year term in Alcatraz Prison, San Francisco, for violation of the income tax law. Among others to hold the "honor" were: "Pretty Boy" Floyd, bank bandit, wanted for four murders, killed by Federal men in Ohio on October 23, 1934.

Clyde Barrow, bank robber and murderer, killed May 24, 1934, in Louisiana.

John Dillinger, bank robber wanted for murder, slain by Federal men while leaving a Chicago movie theater on July 23, 1934.

"Baby Face" Nelson, bandit and killer, rubbed out by Hoover's sharpshooters in a chase near Chicago on November 27, 1934.

Raymond Hamilton, bank robber and slayer, captured in Dallas and electrocuted May 10, 1935.

Thomas H. Robinson, kidnaper of Mrs. Berry V. Stoll, of Louisville, Kentucky, captured on May 3, 1936, in Glendale, California, and sentenced to life imprisonment in Atlanta on his plea of guilty.

Alvin Karpis, leader of the notorious Barker-Karpis gang of bank robbers and kidnapers, captured by Federal men in New Orleans last May, returned to St. Paul, Minnesota, to face trial for the $100,000 kidnaping of William Hamm, Jr.; pleaded guilty a few days ago; sentence deferred.

Thus the list of "Public Enemies No. 1." If Denning in his hideaway reads the papers, he knows that none of them has ever won.

Acme, Wide World, © International

To Maurice Denning (top) goes the title of "Public Enemy No. 1," since the Department of Justice has crossed from its list the names of (left to right): John Dillinger, "Pretty Boy" Floyd, Clyde Barrow, Raymond Hamilton, William Mahon, and Alvin ("Old Creepy") Karpis

GUARDING CHILDHOOD:

Campaign of Crime Prevention Proceeds on Nation-Wide Scale

Billy is eleven years old. Within two years, he will be haled before a juvenile court for stealing. By the time he is eighteen, he will have a criminal record.

He has lived most of his life in two shabby rooms which he shares with his three brothers and his father and mother. His parents work, whenever there are odd jobs to be had around the neighborhood, and *Billy* sees little of them. When there are no jobs, the family gets its food and clothing from one of the town's charity organizations.

Last week, the National Crime Prevention Institute, organized six months ago, launched a program to keep prospective juvenile delinquents such as *Billy* out of the nation's police courts. Sheldon Glueck, Professor of Criminology at Harvard Law School, and Rowland G. Sheldon, who has been in social work since he started the Big Brother Movement in 1912, are at the head of the Institute.

Survey System—They believe that *Billy* can be headed away from a career of crime if he stays in school and gets the proper care both there and in his home. Their Crime Prevention Institute will ask teachers first to select prospectively delinquent or "problem children," then to give them tests to ascertain their faults. The organization lists eighty-two possible reasons for delinquency.

It will be the Institute's job to encourage teachers to concentrate on the development of a full, rounded personality in their pupils, to persuade authorities in large and small communities to provide more playgrounds for children, and to ask legislatures to pass laws that prevent crime as well as punish it.

Spending $75,000 annually on this program, the Institute intends to reach *Billy*, the problem child, before *Billy* reaches the juvenile courts.

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Press

THE GENTLE ART OF BEING INTERVIEWED

Ludwig, Who Has Seen All the Great of His Day, Explains It

© International

Emil Ludwig . . . found that dictators knew more about interviewing than he did

Emil Ludwig, the famous biographer and interviewer, was trying to interview King Victor Emmanuel of Italy. The King, however, had the jump on him, asking most of the questions. Ludwig turned the conversation to make the observation that Wilhelm I, in picking Bismarck as his Chancellor, had had the merit of choosing a genius.

"Did he really choose him?" suddenly asked the King.

Ludwig carefully repressed a smile. Certainly, Italy's King had not chosen his Chancellor Mussolini, and the biographer easily swung into the lead.

Using what he calls a naïve approach, the self-exiled German writer has interviewed "most of the great men of our times." He has written biographies of Jesus, Goethe, Napoleon, Bismarck, Wilhelm II, Lincoln, Mussolini and Masaryk. He has no secret means of drawing out great men who, he observes, are sometimes stupid; and writing for *Opera Mundi* last week, he told all.

"During the Great War, I was a perfect ignoramus in political and military matters," Ludwig confesses. "I could put questions to kings and generals which a better informed man would not dare to pose." (During the World War, Ludwig was living at Tessin, Switzerland, as correspondent for the Berlin *Tageblatt.)*

Canny Statesmen—"Statesmen and dictators, badgered by journalists, know the interview technique far better than the average interviewer. My fifteen-day conversations with Mussolini took me a week to prepare. No reply of the Duce's could take me unawares. I had at least three questions ready for any subject. Each morning I held rehearsals for the afternoon session with Mussolini, who gives perfectly rounded replies in a firm voice, never raised, without repeating or correcting himself.

"I compared Kemal Pasha, the Turkish dictator, to Napoleon," Ludwig discloses. "No dictator is proof against this. Kemal Pasha pointed out the Corsican's mistakes and explained how he might have avoided them.

"One of Kemal's bitterest enemies, the former Turkish dictator, Enver Pasha, received me during the War. To test him, I slipped my hand into my pocket. Enver instinctively imitated my gesture—obviously afraid of sudden attack. Such a reaction would be impossible in Stalin or Mussolini."

From the Russian dictator, Mr. Ludwig heard a surprizing question. "You're going to make money out of this interview," Stalin said. "Would you be prepared to give some of that money to poor German children?"

Ludwig was caught flat-footed, knowing that the Communist doctrine is opposed to private charity. He took the chance and nodded in the affirmative. Stalin's slow smile proved that he had guessed right.

"Kings are rarely interesting to the interviewer," Ludwig notes, and tells of a "vast ball of flesh" he interviewed, the last but one of the Sultans of Turkey. The Sultan was reluctant to talk, wanted Ludwig and a friend who was present to describe the battles of the Dardanelles.

Time was valuable; Ludwig stuck in a quotation of General von Moltke on destiny.

"Forgetting all about battles," Ludwig reports, "the Sultan spoke for several minutes, quoting a similar Turkish saying on the caprice of fate. The next morning the whole world knew what the Sultan of Turkey thought about fate."

Talking to a Monarch—The famous interviewer found out that "Your Majesty" is no way to address a king. "They all are sick of the stereotyped formula." He got King Victor Emmanuel and the late King Albert of Belgium to talk by ridding himself of the rigid conventions of etiquette, getting their faces to light up like ordinary mortals.

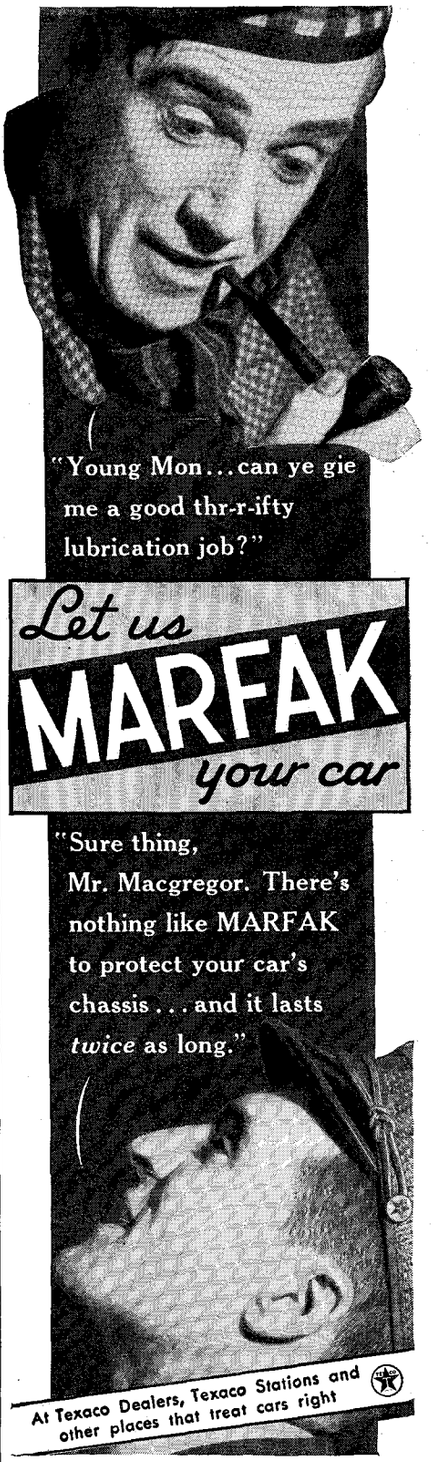
"When dealing with a man like David Lloyd George, who is always eager for curiosities, the interviewer must always have some interesting news, or at least a good anecdote. The dramatic interview involves managed dialog.

"Secondary details throw light on the subject's personality. At a banquet in Russia, I saw Kalinin, President of the Soviet Union, push away with contempt an elaborate menu and order fish soup, a Russian national dish. His high position had not affected the simple tastes of this Russian peasant.

"I saw Leon Trotzky, exiled on the Island of Prinkipo, shut a window against a violent wind with such skill and care that I concluded: Here is a man of practical genius, not a dreamer or a philosopher.

"The uncertainty and arrogance of Austrian Counts was reflected in the cold and haughty stare with which they used to examine the neckties of people facing them.

"I saw Charles IV, last Austrian Emperor, during his coronation in Budapest, with the crown actually on his head, chase a fly away from his face with a gesture of annoyance. This apparently insignificant gesture . . . proved that the time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"The Pope is the last sovereign at whose court the old etiquette is still rigorously observed. The visitor must appear in full dress and kneel at the Pontiff's feet unless he is given permission to rise. Pius XI lets his visitors kneel; all conversation is out of the question. Pope Benedict XV, who received me alone in 1925, was a diplomat and a grand *seigneur*. I had feared the overwhelming pomp of the Vatican, but Benedict XV talked with me as man to man."

Leading Questions—Not only the mighty of Europe have fallen before Emil Ludwig's adroit questioning. He writes: "I drew from Rockefeller his ideas on wealth by telling an anecdote at his table. Another time, Henry Ford and I were waiting in the street. A small Ford car drew up in front of us. I pretended not to recognize it and remarked: 'I think this is slightly larger than your model.' That set Mr. Ford talking, and his next sentence: 'I have made fourteen millions of them in my life' showed that he considered that little car the symbol of his whole existence."

Ludwig lost an interview once. "I inadvertently sat on the edge of Mr. Hoover's bare and shiny desk. Mr. Hoover looked at me with stupefaction, and when he later received me at the White House, spoke to me in a cold, distant manner."

The biographer knows his subjects and their foibles. He says: "Statesmen are more talkative than writers, and writers more liberal with words than scientists. The eloquence of the subject grows in direct ratio to his need for publicity. Politicians are the most inclined to lie."

And for interviewing skill, he picks "the French, with an easy but precise language, followed by the Americans and the Hungarians. The Americans succeed through ingeniousness, the Hungarians through cunning."

Radio

THRIFTY BOMBING: U. S. Army Utilizes Camera and Wireless to Cut Training Expense

Army airmen are getting bombing practise at a saving of hundreds of dollars a day per flyer. It's done—not with mirrors—but with camera and radio. Here's how it works:

Above Hamilton Field, San Rafael, California, a double-motored Martin B-12 bombing-plane scuds through cloudless skies. Tho the temperature reads at 90 degrees Fahrenheit on the ground six miles below, the pilot and bombardier of the Army Air Corps, Ninth Bombardment Squadron, shiver in heavy flying togs. The lieutenant at the controls finds it fatiguing to fly a correct course while inhaling oxygen; the sergeant calls on surplus stamina to manipulate his bomb-sight.

The sergeant barks into the microphone connecting him with the pilot: "Steady on course. Turn right . . . steady . . . stop . . . right again . . . stop, turn left . . . stop."

Dropping Bombs—When the cross-hairs in his bomb-sight show the target centered dead ahead and below, the bombardier "dumps his load." But his projectile is the short dash snapping down to earth from a wireless key. Theoretically, his target may be demolished. Actually, it will continue to record hits and misses for thousands of other radio bombs.

On the field below, near the target, is a portable box on four wheels. A truck containing a two-way radio apparatus stands alongside. Up through the roof of the box, a camera obscura points its lenses skyward. Beneath it, on a chart four feet square, the camera lenses project the image of the bomber.

A sergeant faces the chart over which the plane shadow races. And through his earphones, he hears the dash meaning that the bombardier has fired. At that instant, the plane's image may be seen clearly on his paper. Sitting in the truck near-by, an operator faces his transmitter and receiver, with microphone ready to talk with the bombing crew. A copper wire stretches from his truck to an antenna tower.

Effects Recorded—After marking down the point where the plane shadow fell when the radio bomb was dropped, the chart man continues to trace the plane's path, marking at each second's tick of a metronome its new position. Twenty-three seconds after the signal is dispatched, he makes a final note, recording the spot on which the bomb landed.

When they return to the ground, the pilot and bombardier are so lethargic from their tour of duty in the enervating high altitudes that they display little interest in their target-practise score. But they know that a 100-pound Mark I practise-bomb costs $28.05, and that on every one of the 300 flying days a year they go up, they would drop nine of these bombs. Also, they would drop six 300-pound demolition bombs at some mud lake, costing the Government $825 for the day's fireworks.

Their camera obscura costs $145, and can be used over and over again. Tho the lenses are expensive ($50 to $250), they have resurrected them from surplus Army cameras. Thus, short radio dashes through the ether are saving *Uncle Sam* thousands of dollars annually, and training bombardiers to lay their eggs on the line almost every time they do get a $137.62 demolition-bomb to play with, which isn't often.

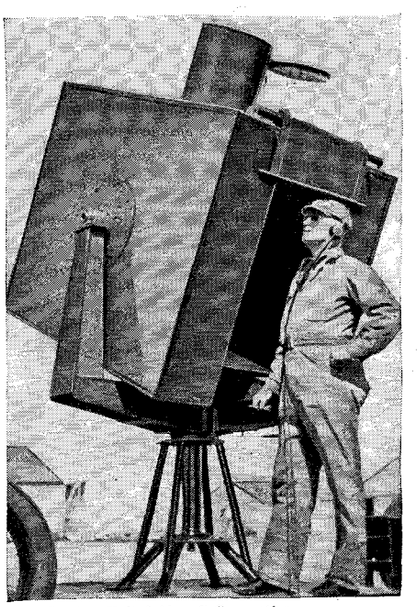

Photo Courtesy United Aircraft Corporation

Flying 8,000 feet above, the bomber drops a theoretical bomb, by sending a radio signal; the camera obscura records his accuracy

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CHAINS ACROSS OCEAN GROVE STREETS

Camp-Meeting Ground Under "Blue Laws" During Revival

At midnight last Saturday, Ocean Grove, New Jersey, stretched chains across the three streets leading into the town from gay, adjacent Asbury Park. No automobile was allowed to enter the town; no cars might be parked in the streets or left in unclosed garages.

Until midnight on Sunday, when villagers hauled back the chains, no bicycling or horseback-riding was allowed, no swimming, necking in public, taking commercial photographs, operating amusements, or selling or possessing liquor. For the twenty-four-hour period, the premier religious camp-meeting ground of the United States was under "blue laws" that make it unique among all communities.

One of the score of similar colonies, large and small, which sprout like dandelions all over the country between June and September, Ocean Grove has a summer population of 25,000; a winter one of 1,180.

The owner is the Ocean Grove Camp Meeting Association of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Consisting of thirteen clergymen and thirteen laymen, this body administers the town through a city manager.

Wisely run, it boasts a value of $25,000,000, and is one of the few towns in the United States without a cent of bonded or floating indebtedness. Holding no elections, it has no politicians.

Peaceful Worship—Last week, Ocean Grove, sedate in rows of lofty elms and maples, swung into the last half of one of its most spirited seasons in years; looked proudly back upon sixty-seven years of rest and peaceful worship in a world rocked with political discontent and religious unbelief.

A mecca of Methodism, it was founded in 1869 by William B. Osborn, a Philadelphia minister whose hair and beard, legends say, rivaled David's. Seeking an isolated spot, "free from fashion and folly," where tired church workers might combine inexpensive vacations with leisurely religious exercises, he picked Ocean Grove because of its beauty and lack of mosquitoes.

From a handful of families who bought six acres of beach-land, the colony mushroomed with the years. By 1872 it occupied 230 acres, boasted five miles of avenues leading to the sea, contained 1,500 lots and 300 cottages. For a half-mile the billowy Atlantic broke over its sweep of sand. Today it is a half-mile square, host to thousands of pilgrims from every sect.

Ocean Grove stemmed from the great revival-meetings which engulfed the United States beginning in 1740. Their high point came in 1800, when Baptists, Presbyterians and Methodists held a joint meeting on Cane Ridge, in the Cumberland Valley, Kentucky.

Religious "Jerks"—Rough-hewn, dust-covered travelers straggled in on ox-carts, wagons, horseback, afoot, from as far away as 200 miles. Shouting and leaping, the 25,000 to 30,000 pilgrims, addressed by half a dozen preachers, sounded from a distance like the roar of Niagara.

Their wild religious behaviorism gave currency to the phenomenon known as "jerks" or "shakes."

Camp-meetings, after this tented colony, spread rapidly throughout the country. In 1876 an innovation was the "gospel tent," under which the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., of Holy Trinity Episcopal Church, New York, preached to his summer flock. Cooler, providing better acoustics, it signalized the end of open-air meetings.

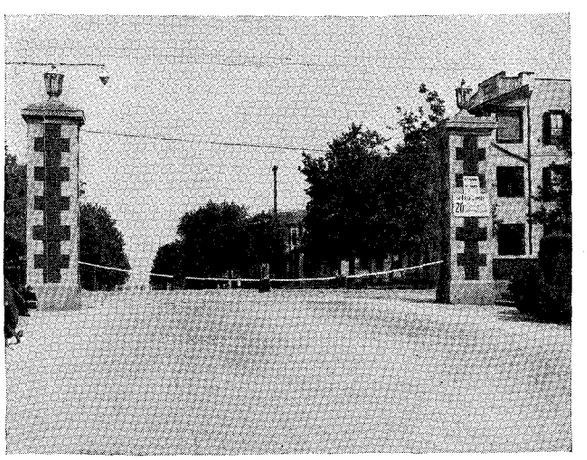
In 1893 Ocean Grove built its huge, barn-like auditorium. Seating 9,000, and having one of the largest organs in the world, it still is the center of camp-meeting life in America.

Services are held there throughout the season, interspersed with conferences on various religious subjects. Last week, Homer A. Rodeheaver, world-famed song-leader, for years with Billy Sunday, conducted the first conference on sacred music. The annual camp-meeting services proper, however, begin on August 28, lasting until September 7. Guest preachers are outstanding religious figures from all over the land.

Without regard for denominational faith, pious folk from forty States, Canada, Mexico and Panama attended these services. Most of them hail from the East and South. While the majority of the residents are Methodists, there are large numbers of Presbyterians, Baptists, Evangelicals and others, including Roman Catholics.

There are commuters from New York and New Jersey; retired business men, preachers and missionaries with their families; pious old men and women, simple rural folk who sit and rock on porches; white-clad young people who stride lightly through the elm-lined avenues.

They live in small frame cottages and bungalows, large old-fashioned rooming-houses and summer hotels, the buildings of which they may own, but not the ground; and in vine-covered tent-houses which many have rented for twenty-five years, to-day at a rental of from $110 to $175. Roman Catholics and Jews may rent but not lease property. Tax per lot is fixed at $10.50. To this is added another $6 for sewage disposal, providing the revenue for police and other municipal facilities.



A. Issac Photos

With chains barring entrance to the town on Sundays, citizens of Ocean Grove, New Jersey, sit serenely at home

In its time the town has received Presidents Grant, Garfield, McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt, Wilson, Taft; notable speakers have been William Jennings Bryan, Billy Sunday, Gypsy Smith, Dr. S. Parkes Cadman. A former prominent association member was the late John Andrus, millionaire Yonkers, New York, strap-hanger.

From earliest days, laws ordered quiet observance of the Sabbath and proper conduct on all occasions. A major attraction of the community, they are fully approved by the camp-meeters. Few arrests are made.

Changeless Days—Ocean Grove has steadily resisted outside efforts to change its way of life. It refused a few years back to allow the State to cut a boulevard through the town—to the bitter criticism of Asbury Park, founded, incidentally, by Ocean Grove folk.

Nevertheless, trains now may stop within a mile of the town; liquor, too, may be bought within a mile; and one may smoke, dance or play cards.

To taunts of "Ocean Grave," one old-timer retorted: "We don't like noisy beach-crowds. If people don't like our town, they can go to Coney Island, Atlantic City, or some other place. We'd just as soon they didn't stay."

Bishop James N. Fitzgerald, second President of the Association, said: "With her peculiar customs changed, Ocean Grove would be a matter of history; a new order of things would obtain, and the gates of this, our Zion, would be borne away."

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COMBATING MOBS: Campaign Against Lynching Dramatized by Banner on Fifth Avenue

The next time a howling mob of leering men, women and children bursts open a rusty jail door and drags its quavering victim forth to trial by rope and fire, New Yorkers will not find it out in the papers alone. Across commuter-filled Fifth Avenue a giant white banner will cry in black letters, "A man was lynched yesterday."

Latest and most spectacular scheme of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the flag lies ready and waiting in a corner of its Manhattan offices. Veterans among the Association's 100,000 members, like their chief, grave J. E. Spingarn, have fought for thirty years to abolish "jungle justice." Now they hope that a fluttering bit of cloth will, at long last, jar a public whose indifference has cost the lives of 4,669 persons since 1882.

© International

"Jungle justice"—which has cost the lives of 4,669 persons since 1882

In 1892 the American public was jarred—momentarily. An all-time high of 231 screaming human sacrifices on the altar of blood-lust set preachers hammering their pulpits, and stirred editors to unaccustomed zeal. But ardor soon cooled, and as lynchings in the next decade were cut in half, public indignation veered to the Spanish War, white slavery and the trusts.

Decline in Lynchings—As the years passed, America grew up; or so the man in the street thought and said. Mob butcheries fell off to half a score a year. Four years ago, they dropped to eight, the lowest figure ever recorded. Even some reformers believed that the problem would solve itself. But not the N. A. A. C. P., many of whose workers had had painful experience of the psychology behind hillbilly sadism.

Brushed aside by professional reformers, the Association concentrated its efforts on obtaining passage of the Costigan-Wagner anti-lynching bill, which would make rope parties Federal offenses. Twice the bill was beaten; beaten, they said, because vote-wary Congressmen dared not ballot as they thought. Those who were inclined to dodge the issue pointed to the diminishing toll. The N. A. A. C. P. argued that the figure for 1932 was a fluke. They were right. In 1933 it rose to twenty-eight, then dropped to fifteen, rose again in 1935 to twenty-three. So far this year, six Negroes have died at the hands of mobs, and two white men have been slain by the Black Legion—"for the thrill."

So the Costigan-Wagner bill hangs fire. In States where lynchings have been most common in the past—Mississippi, with 545; Georgia, 502; Texas, 491; Louisiana, 383—it is charged, possibly in injustice to the present generation there, that there is a majority sentiment against the measure. In States where lynchings are virtually unknown—Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut, with none; Maine with one—the problem seems so remote that it is sometimes difficult to rouse the public to the pitch of circulating petitions.

But in the N. A. A. C. P. there are men who have seen the fires of hate dancing on the hillsides, have smelt the burning flesh of their kind, have gazed, transfixed with horror, into the twisted faces of thrill killers. They know that lynchings occur chiefly in sparsely settled areas, far from cities. Their carefully prepared records show that the bestial violence of night-riders flourishes almost in direct proportion to their poverty and provincialism. They know that in one of the South's 250 most thinly settled counties, a Negro is in sixty times as much danger as he would be in Atlanta or Birmingham. And they think this significant.

Also significant, perhaps—in that it indicates the widespread lack of understanding on the subject—is the fact that the term lynching is most generally associated with the South. California has had 42, Colorado, 68; Idaho 20; Kansas, 54, Montana, 84; Ohio, 26. But not recently; lariat stringings vanished with the horse thief in the Far West, pioneer justice went the way of the Middle West's pioneers. But for the Ku Klux Klan, even whippings, tarring and feathering and night-rides might have become horrors of the crude past.

Undoubtedly the spotlight falls on the South because of its large Negro population. But not all lynchings involve male Negroes as the victims and native-born Southern whites as the torturers. Mobs have strung up 1,293 whites. Ninety-four women have died with the howls of hoodlums ringing in their ears.

Nor does the argument that lynching is the only cure for interracial rape hold water. Only one-quarter of the 4,669 who have died were accused of sex crimes. A Tennessee Negro was hanged for slapping a white woman's face in a beer tavern. Others have gone to their deaths for bringing suits against whites, "trying to act like" whites, refusing to pay notes, acting as strike-breakers, "slandering" a President of the United States, disputing a white man's word, peeping, coming down with smallpox.

Evil Intensified—The rise of the Black Legion has dissipated the notion that here was a sectional problem, involving "only Negroes," and "on the wane anyway."

Efforts to strengthen the law have met with some success already. Seven States have enacted statutes making lynching a specific crime. Four more have statutory enactments against mob violence. Nine make provision for the removal of peace officers who fail to prevent lynchings.

On the other side of the picture, only eight-tenths of 1 per cent. of all lynchings in the United States since 1900 have been followed by convictions.

Since last May, the mob has not spoken. The N. A. A. C. P. would like to see the record kept clean. But the black and white flag is ready.

RECORD FAST: Monk in India, to Unite Fellow Religionists, Starves for 132 Days

On a thin pallet in a hot Bombay temple lay a tiny, shriveled man, replying only with feeble gestures to the acclamations of the crowds that surrounded him last week. Day by day, the crowds grew greater, as the curious gathered to view a man who had lived for 132 days without food or drink.

Surpassing all known records, this voluntary fast of Muni Shri Misrilalji was begun March 12, in an effort to unite by a startling demonstration the million members of the schism-torn Jain religion, in which he is a monk. Emaciated and weak, it was feared he would not survive.

The Jains are nearly all wealthy merchants or money-lenders, living comfortably, but they believe that they must eat no food that has involved killing.

Over every Jain's mouth is a cloth to prevent any tiny insect from flying in, and in his hand is a brush to sweep all living matter from the spot on which he would sit.

They drink no boiled water, since this involves killing microbes, and they sometimes hire men to permit themselves to be bitten by insects, so that the bugs may not die of starvation.

Fasting is an uncontested part of Jainism, just as it is of nearly every other religion. The custom originated as a purge of the body in preparation for communion with ancestral spirits, and goes back as far as the history of man. The Aztecs and Toltecs of Mexico practised it. In India it has been a universal custom since the sixth century before Christ. Jews and Catholics have always had strict fasting rules for special days.

The Effects—Most religious fasting, however, is only partial and does not involve the dangers of total abstinence. When no food or water is taken into the body, the animal heat falls, and more than 50 per cent. of the dry, solid matter of the body

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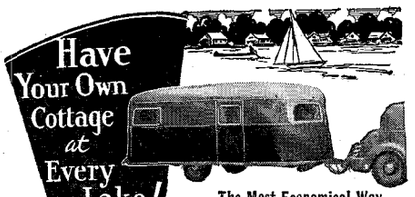

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may be lost. Fever, restlessness and delirium soon set in.

With these symptoms, the average person can survive only eight days without food or water, but there have been many notable cases of prolonged fasting, usually of necessity or for political motives.

Two other East Indians figured in fasts. In September, 1924, Mahatma Gandhi, recovering from an operation, fasted for twenty-one days in protest against the British. Jatindranath Ras, arrested the same year in the Lahore conspiracy, lasted without food sixty-one days before dying.

After the wreck of the frigate *Medusa* in 1876, fifteen people survived without food for thirteen days on an open raft.

Terence McSwiney, Lord Mayor of Cork, was arrested in 1920 in the Sinn Fein revolt, and fasted for seventy-one days in Brixton Prison. He then swooned, and was forcibly fed, but died four days later.

FEAST OF ST. ANNE: World-Wide Observance Focuses Interest on Curative Powers of Relics

Destined for the Basilica of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, Quebec, Canada, a wrist bone of St. Anne arrived in New York in 1892, was displayed there three weeks in the little French Church of St. Jean Baptiste.

Veneration of it rising from credited miracles was so great that the papal messenger left in its place a piece of St. Anne's arm bone he had also brought from Rome. This was the first sanctuary of St. Anne in the United States.

Deposited in the shrine of Beaupré, the wrist bone drew devout pilgrims from all parts of the world. Already a favorite saint of Canada, St. Anne promptly became the most popular saint of both the United States and the neighboring dominion.

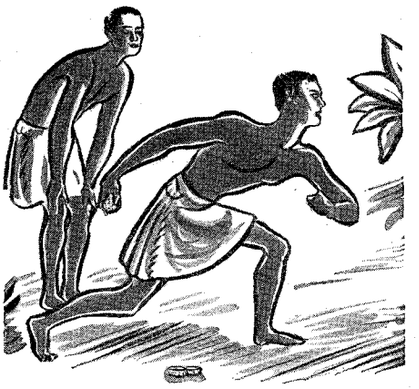
Protecter of the home, women in childbirth, sailors and miners, the Mother of the Virgin Mary is yearly honored on her feast day of July 26. Quebec, Brittany and Madrid, of whom she is patron saint, show special devotion. But in Roman Catholic and Greek Orthodox churches the world over, the feast is observed, preceded by novenas—nine-day devotions by the faithful.

Like Ste. Anne de Beaupré and St. Jean Baptiste, dozens of these churches treasure relics—small fragments of the saint's bones, to which curative powers are attributed. At these shrines during the novenas the devout have left behind crutches, braces, splints, eyeglasses.

Famous Ceremony—As in many a year since 1892, the most spectacular of these ceremonies in North America, on St. Anne's feast day last Sunday, took place at tiny Beaupré. Up a narrow roadway past shimmering French-Canadian villages, thousands of worshipers trudged to kiss the far-famed relic.

Ranging from farmers in Sunday best, homespun or overalls to expensively-clad Americans, they arrived in all manner of conveyances, from private Pullman cars to carts drawn by dogs.

Circling from altar to altar in deep piety, they first filed past the shrine, then the memorial church, and finally the "*scala sanctum*" containing a flight of steps which worshipers climb on hands and knees. There young and old, rich and poor, kneel in perfect equality. In and out, they left behind a host of prayers to the saint.



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The feast itself, which in the Latin Church dates from the thirteenth century, began with an open-air mass celebrated by Cardinal Villeneuve of Quebec. Rapt-faced throngs then filed past the altar containing the glass-covered relic; many crawled on hands and knees, others walked erect, the less fortunate were wheeled in chairs.

Concluding the ceremonies was a torch-light parade. Holding flambeaux and candles, thousands of pilgrims shuffled through the hushed village and along the "Way of the Cross," chanting hymns at each of the fourteen wayside shrines.

These pilgrims for years have cherished the tradition that Ste. Anne de Beaupré was founded by a hardy band of ship-wrecked Cape Breton sailors in the six-teenth century.

Caught in a howling storm in the St. Lawrence River, they prayed to St. Anne, promised to erect a shrine to her if they were saved.

Vow Fulfilled—Landing safely, as if by a miracle, at the present town site, the joy-ful Cape Breton men immediately set forth to keep their word. The present church was built in 1876.

Universally known as the "miracle shrine" of Canada, it had received in 1669 a St. Anne relic from the Cathedral of Carcassonne, France.

Another derived from the saint is en-shrined in the Basilica of St. Paul Outside the Walls, near Rome. The Popes had ob-tained it from Apt, Provence, France.

To this town the body of St. Anne was supposed to have been brought by St. Lazarus, friend of Christ. Hidden, the re-mains were rediscovered during the middle ages. Ensconced there, the saint later is said to have wrought the miracle of Louis XIV's birth to Anne of Austria.

Thereafter, relics were dispersed to the world.

One went to Mainz, Germany. Stolen in 1510, it was taken to Duren, on the Rhine, whereupon it was distributed, un-der the influence of powerful prelates and monarchs, to churches and religious orders.

To-day, the Church of St. Anne, Vienna, claims to possess a relic of the saint; other notable places with relics are Ste. Anne d'Auray, famed Brittany shrine; the Cathedrals of Chartres, Bourges, Peri-gueux and Bordeaux, and the Cistercian Abbey of Our Lady of Ourscamp, all in France.

Other Relics—In the United States, a num-ber of churches besides that of St. Jean Baptiste own relics, three others in New York alone.

These latter are St. Ann's and the Church of St. Paul the Apostle (Manhat-tan), the latter with two relics, and St. Ann's (the Bronx). The Manhattan St. Ann's also has two: one received in 1900, the other in 1904. Last year this church was designated by Pope Pius XI as the national headquarters in the United States for the Archconfraternity of the Mother-hood of St. Anne. This organization fosters the virtues of the home and motherhood.

Throughout North America there are approximately 300 churches dedicated to St. Anne, and practically all of them pos-sess tiny relics.

Last week, to these went silent multi-tudes of never-tiring worshipers, who caressed the relics with mumbling lips, and uttered many prayers—each one a special bid for attention. Many of these devout people were ready to vow that the good St. Anne had heard and helped them.

Off-Side

Cops to the Rescue—Eight-year-old Joe Brown, accompanied by his dog, appeared in a Cambridge, Massachusetts, police sta-tion with a note from his mother asking the police to take the dog because she couldn't pay the license fee. But "please don't tell my boy," she added. Police dipped into their pockets, and ten minutes later boy and dog journeyed home with a new license, new dog-collar, and new leash to go with it.

* * *

Four-Year Leases—The Federal Housing Administration has discovered in a survey of Washington that the White House is in the $40 to $75 rental zone. Some Republi-cans feel that Mr. Farley is spending a good deal more than that to keep the present tenants.

* * *

Amateurs Vs. Autoists—Radio has changed hitch-hiking styles. Wandering troubadours now work on motorists with "MAJOR BOWES OR BUST—PLEASE HELP ME GET THERE." Most of the automobilists give 'em the gong.

* * *

Wait a Year—This year's drought is the result of "too much heat" rather than "too little rain," says Charles D. Reed, U. S. meteorologist. Now, he says, temperatures during the next three to four years will go below normal.

* * *

Ungraceful Walking—Most people who "take a walk" look funny, says the Ameri-can Medical Association, which has classi-fied walking into sixteen different tabued gaits. They include the "waddle" and the "hip switch."

* * *

Come-Back for More—Because she is still jobless, Miss Mary Kelly, seventy-one-year-old spinster from Stoneham, Massa-chusetts, has decided to run again for Gov-ernor. Two years ago she polled 853 votes.

* * *

No More Cavaliers—A Columbia Univer-sity survey turned up the fact that the majority of escorts in New York City walk on the wrong side of their ladies (between them and the shop windows).

* * *

Bucket-Brigade—The town of Tom Bean, Texas, bought a new fire-engine, but the first blaze that came along burned down a $6,000 building. Seems they forgot to buy nozzles for the hose.

* * *

Mighty Wings—Funeral cortèges by air are envisaged by Ben L. Jaumann of the Ohio Funeral Directors Association. The hearse, he predicts, will soon be replaced by the air-plane.

* * *

Real Vacation—For the first time since March, 1935, Joseph Lengan, Jr., thirty-year-old cement worker, opened his eyes. He had been asleep for 440 days.

* * *

To Eat the Eaters—A Nebraska farmer imported 300 turkeys to clean up the grass-hoppers. Now he's wondering what to do about live plucked turkeys.

* * *

Hot Situation Wanted—U. S. Revenue Agents in the Ozarks have uncovered so few stills this year they're advertising in the want ad columns.

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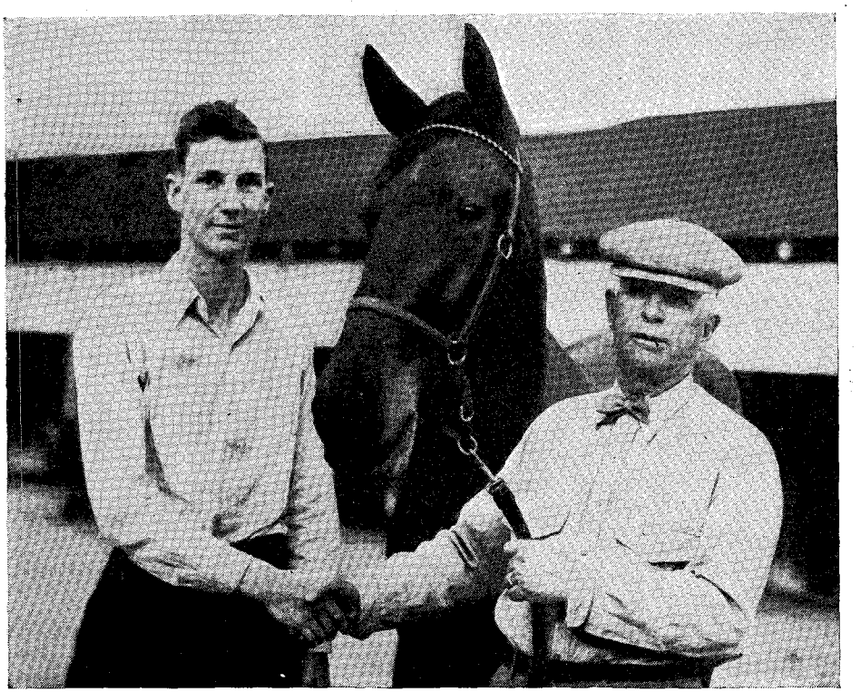

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Gibson White (left), with his prize trotter, Rosalind, favored to win the Hambletonian, and his father, Ben F. White, famous trainer and driver

When a trotting or pacing horse is pounding along in second place, his muzzle almost grazing the satin blouse of the driver ahead, they say he's "in the hole," a strategic position in any race except at the finish.

"In the hole," during most of the depression, light harness racing has lately been crowding to the front, and the current Grand Circuit campaign is expected to be one of the most successful in years.

In ever-increasing numbers, sports fans are rediscovering the thrills and color in the spectacle of long-maned, clean-limbed, beautifully-schooled trotters and pacers wheeling fragile little racing sulkies around the track at thrilling speed.

The principal revitalizing force in this sport that dates back to Revolutionary days is a new interest on the part of wealthy young horsemen previously occupied solely with polo or thoroughbred racing. Some of them are driving their own horses in amateur races. But, most important, they are spending money.

Expensive Sport—For harness racing takes money. Unlike thoroughbred fanciers, owners of the standard-breds can rarely hope to show a profit for the year. The eleven-week season that started at Cleveland a month ago and closes at Lexington, Kentucky, in September, is too short.

Purses, too, total only a fraction of those offered for the runners. The eight leading stakes for two- and three-year-old trotters and pacers last year totaled approximately $60,000. The winner of just one thoroughbred race, the Santa Anita Handicap, earns more than $100,000.

Consequently, with returns far lower and expenses almost as high, light harness racing ranks purely as a sport for owners wealthy enough to put out thousands of dollars for horses, trainers, equipment, entry fees and traveling costs.

A promising yearling at the Old Glory sale, held in New York City every fall for the past forty-one years, brings from $2,000 to $3,000. Top price last year was $7,500, but owners have paid double and triple that for an exceptional prospect.

Training is the job of the owners, most of whom turn their young hopefuls over to trainers maintaining public stables. For a flat rate, ranging from $80 to $100 or more a month, the trainer works on the yearling, getting it ready to "go to the races."

Overcoming Instinct—It takes patience to school a young horse to trot or pace. Running or galloping is the horse's natural gait at speed. No matter how many generations of careful breeding and training have preceded him, instinct constantly prompts him to "break" into the ancestral stride.

In trotting, the left front and right rear legs move forward and backward in unison, alternating with the others in an irregular, criss-cross motion.

Pacers have a rolling, lunging movement that has earned them the nickname of "wigglers" or "side-wheelers." Left front and left rear legs come up together, followed by a counterbalancing lunge to the right.

In developing pacers, trainers often use "hobbles," leather straps fastened to each pair of legs to keep them working in unison. Toe weights screwed to the sloping front of the hoof increase a horse's stride and cut seconds off its time.

The shoe and weights average about seven ounces.

Usually a pacer is faster than a trotter. But the records are the same. Directum I, a nine-year-old pacer, set the world record for the mile at one minute, 56¾ seconds, in 1915. Seven years later a six-year-old trotter, the great Peter Manning, turned in the same time for the distance.

Trotters and pacers are bred alike. From season to season, good harness horses may even change from trotting to pacing. Calumet Evelyn, a black mare trotting in Grand Circuit races this year, was entered mainly in pacing events in 1934 and 1935. Last year she set a double-gaited record by trotting the mile in 2:00 and pacing the same distance in 1:59¼.

When a two-year-old has qualified on the basis of speed and endurance, he is ready for the Grand Circuit, the "big time" loop of harness racing. Only the best trotters and pacers make the Grand Circuit, comprising tracks at Cleveland; Goshen, New York; Old Orchard Beach, Maine; Springfield, Illinois; Milwaukee; Columbus, Ohio; Indianapolis; Syracuse; Reading, and Lexington, Kentucky.

The trainer's responsibility doesn't end when he has an owner's horse ready for the races. Nearly every trainer is also a driver.

Most of the drivers on the Grand Circuit are gray-haired, wind-tanned old timers who have been going for years. Age doesn't stop them.

One of the best known veterans is Edward F. ("Pop") Geers, the "Grand Old Man of the Grand Circuit." "Pop" was born with a taste for speed on a Tennessee farm in 1851. As a boy he drove one of his father's calves around the fields, but found it too slow and too hard to handle. He got a horse.

Inventive—For fifty-three years, he averaged 100 races a season, first driving the clumsy, high-wheeled, iron-tired sulkies that, drivers complained, threatened to "cut your ears off" every time they moved. In 1892 he invented the light, bicycle-wheeled, rubber-tired racing sulky used to-day.

"Pop" was seventy-three when he drove his last race. In the fall of 1924, his trotter stumbled, went down amid a crash of splintering wood and tangled harness. "Pop" was killed.

Serious accidents are rare, tho, in harness racing. But, mainly because of the fragile sulkies and the nearness of every driver to flying hoofs and whirling wheels, the sport seems far more dangerous than thoroughbred racing.

The modern sulky is a wide, underslung chariot of steel or hickory, weighing as little as twenty-eight pounds. It costs between $150 and $200. Barring accidents, it lasts two or three years.

Perched precariously on the sulky's narrow seat, the driver spreads his legs wide and thrusts his feet into iron, stirruplike braces jutting out from the long, slender shafts.

He is so close to the horse's hindquarters that the rear hoofs scatter dirt directly beneath him, obviating the necessity for the dashboards and aprons of the longer, heavier training carts.

But the horse's flowing tail may lash his face. So the driver often wraps bandages around it, ties it to the seat and sits on it.

Driving Not Easy—From the grand-stand, driving the little speed wagons around the track looks easy. It isn't. Drivers carry a stop-watch in the left hand, a whip in the right and reins in both. And they not only have to watch the competition every second of the way, but, harder yet, keep their

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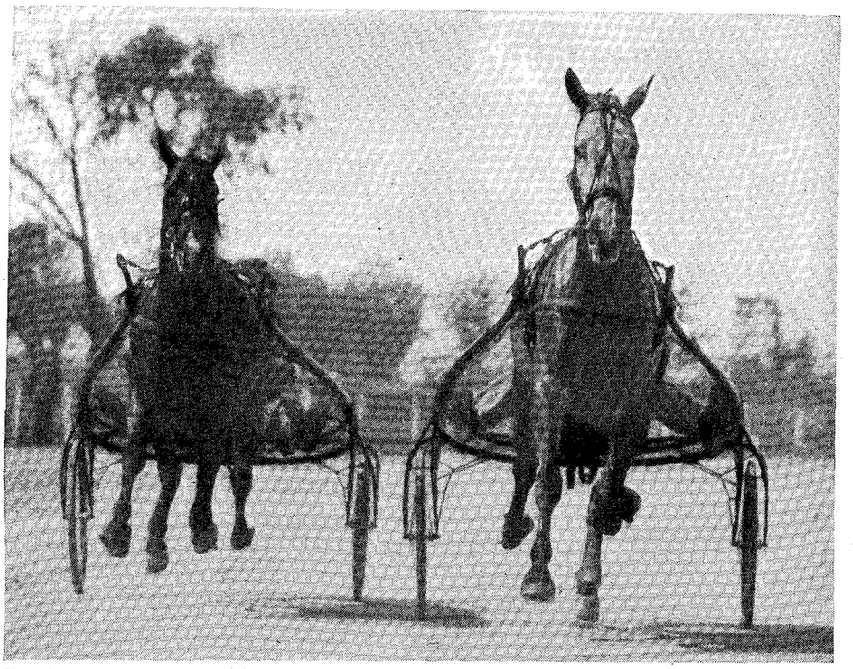

Photo Courtesy *Horse & Horsemen*

One of the few pictures in existence showing the difference between a pacer (Cardinal Prince, left) and a trotter (Greyhound)

high-spirited trotter or pacer from breaking into a run.

Harness horses race in heats of one mile. Two out of three determine the winner. They get away from a quick start, with the "pole horse," the one nearest the rail, either even with or ahead of the others.

As in all sports, harness horse people have their own language. When a horse is leading the field he is "on top." If he slows down, he "runs out of gas."

A horse that loses a heat by breaking out of stride at a crucial moment "jumps it off." And when he comes in first, the gentry never say "he won." Invariably they say, "he win."

What the Kentucky Derby is to thoroughbred three-year-olds, the Hambletonian is to three-year-old trotters. To win it means not only the highest honor in harness horse racing, but a share, for the first six horses, in the largest purse the sport offers: $40,000. About 55 per cent. goes to the winner.

Origin of Name—The Hambletonian, to be raced at the famous Good Time Park track at Goshen, New York, on August 12, was named for William H. Rysdyk's stallion, foaled in 1849.

Rysdyk borrowed $125 to buy Hambletonian X for breeding purposes. In twenty-four years Hambletonian X sired 1,331 foals, brought in a total in stud fees of $205,640. Ninety per cent. of the trotters entered in this year's race trace their ancestry to Hambletonian X and through him to Messenger, a thoroughbred runner imported from England in 1788 to found the present line of American trotters.

Originally raced at Syracuse in 1926 for a purse of $73,451, the Hambletonian Stake was held at Lexington, Kentucky, in 1927 and 1929. Since then the pick of America's trotters have competed for the prize at Goshen's mile track.

In the sixty-two runnings of the Kentucky Derby, only one filly, Regret, in 1915, has won. No such jinx prevails in the Hambletonian. Three fillies have been "on top" at the finish. Another one, Rosalind, is favored for the eleventh Hambletonian this year.

Gibson White, owner of Rosalind, is only twenty-one years old. Tall, slender, sandy-haired, he speaks with a slight Southern drawl he picked up while living at Lexington, Kentucky, during the past fifteen years. He inherited his love for horses from his father, Ben F. White, famous trainer and driver.

Reverses at Start—When Gibson was fifteen his father let him drive his first race, at Cleveland. Gibson has been driving sulkies for five or six years, but never in real competition. He finished sixth in the first heat. Later that summer, at Kalamazoo, Michigan, he won one.

Two years ago, illness temporarily halted his ambitions to drive in "big time" competition. In the hospital he read everything dealing with harness racing, and improved rapidly after his father presented a "promising yearling" named Valvolene to him.

Valvolene didn't appeal to Gibson as a name. He'd been reading some Shakespeare along with reports on the horses. So he rechristened his filly Rosalind.

Last year, as a two-year-old, Rosalind won six of her ten starts. She trotted one of her mile heats in 2:03. Only two two-year-olds in history have ever done better. In her first and only start this year, she won the Matron Stake at Cleveland. Greyhound won it last year and went on to take the Hambletonian a month later.

Family Honor—Gibson won't realize his greatest ambition: to drive Rosalind in the trotting classic. But if his filly is going to win, as future predictions indicate, he wants the honor to stay in the family. His father will hold the reins.

The elder White, who is sixty-three now, won the Hambletonian in 1933 with Mary Reynolds when the favorite, Brown Berry, stumbled in the deciding heat.

No owner or driver has ever won two Hambletonians.

Perhaps mindful of both facts, young White isn't making any predictions about his filly. Asked if Rosalind is going to win, he smiles and says:

"I'll let you know when it's over."

SPORT SHOTS

Pure-bred dogs qualifying on the basis of obedience, or intelligence tests, will be entitled to degrees corresponding to the Bachelor's, Master's, and Doctor's given at universities, under a plan recently approved by the American Kennel Club to show the utility value of pure-breds.

For scoring a stated number of points in competition, successful candidates will gain the initials C.D. (Companion Dog), C.D.X. (Companion Dog Excellent), or U.D. (Utility Dog).

Tests include heeling on the leash, heeling free, coming when called, sitting at command for a specified time, barking on command, jumping, tracking, scenting and retrieving a dumb-bell.

* * *

On the 125-yard fifth hole at Montreal's Wentworth Golf Club one morning last week, Nick Bessner plunked his tee shot on the green, watched delightedly as the ball trickled into the cup for a hole in one.

Standing on the same tee that afternoon, Bessner waggled his No. 7 iron, remarked to other members of the fouresome:

"I'm going to do that again."

Once again Bessner plunked his tee shot on the green, was amazed to see the ball roll into the cup for another hole in one.

* * *

Harry German, sixty - one - year - old pitcher who played for Toledo in the American Association thirty-five years ago, has started his forty-ninth season, probably the longest baseball career in history.

In 1928 German, a right-hander, pitched three games in one day for a Knoxville, Tennessee, semipro team. He has won his first three games this year for the Plymouth, Michigan, Inter-county League team.

* * *

In Wellington, New Zealand, last week, the New York *Sun* reports, two amateur wrestlers studied diagrams of a new "octopus clamp," then proceeded to try it out.

One wrestler succeeded in applying the hold successfully, then discovered the diagrams had failed to include instructions for releasing it. Police finally untangled the pair.

* * *

Because he has little time to spare between shaves and haircuts, Herman Douyard, a Northampton, Massachusetts, barber, has invented a device for serving his fishing customers: a home-made slot machine.

Anglers bound for local rivers and lakes drop a coin, turn a crank and receive a can of freshly-dug worms.

Ten boys carry on the production end of the business.

* * *

En route for Berlin, Avery Brundage, Chairman of the American Olympic Committee, warned the American athletes to keep training aboard ship or face dismissal from the team.

When the S.S. *Manhattan* docked at Hamburg, Germany, last week, Brundage told reporters there had been only one serious violation of training regulations, announced that the Committee had dropped Mrs. Eleanor Holm Jarrett, member of the 1928 squad and champion backstroke swimmer at the 1932 Games in Los Angeles, "owing to drinking."

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Finance and Industry

BUYERS OF LUXURIES ABROAD AGAIN

New York Finds Prosperity Is No Longer Around the Corner

American business men are wearing $100 tweeds again, maidens at Newport and Waukegan are marrying to the music of popping champagne corks, caviar comes with cocktails, and orchids bloom in every theater box. Prosperity, measured in terms of luxuries, is no longer around the corner.

Last week the greatest army of buyers since 1929 marched on New York, blinked with amazement as they toured the great preautumn merchandise shows, swapped stories of pleasure and profits. Ten thousand strong, from every part of the country, they babbled happily atop Manhattan's sky-scraper night-clubs of the revival of the carriage trade along Fifth and Madison Avenues, Chicago's "Boul' Mich'," Los Angeles' Wilshire Boulevard.

Cantankerous city editors whistled, slapped the buyer invasion on Page One. Mink coats and Napoleon brandy, in a land where frightened citizens had but lately paid for their groceries with milk-bottle caps, was *news*. To buyers and merchants, the biggest news came in these packages:

Caviar and Cordials: At Newport, Rhode Island; Southampton, New York; Bar Harbor, Maine, and every other seat of social somebodies, the catering business is bobbing on the crest of a wave of weddings, receptions, teas and week-ends. The business of supplying food and drink for newsy nuptials has leaped 50 per cent.

Pertinent Points: Depression-period weddings averaged 250 guests, cost as little as possible; to-day's marriage fêtes run to 500 guests, cost in same cases $25,000 and up. Hard times wedding invitées sipped fruit-punch; this year's elect, if they belong to the lucky 80 per cent., drink champagne.

For Clicquot and Bollinger champagnes (imported from France by way of England) hostesses are paying $74 a case of twelve fifths.

Best demand since 1933 (repeal year) is reported for $24-a-bottle *Romanée Conti* Burgundy, '06; for $50-a-bottle *Schloss Johannesberger* Rhine wine, '29; for *Chartreuse* liqueurs selling up to $100 a liter.

Up an estimated 200 per cent. is the demand for $12-a-pound Beluga (Russian) caviar. Similarly revived is the clamor for Huntley & Palmer English biscuits for teas and cocktails.

Like old times, too, to caterers, is the reappearance of the lawn pavilion for large parties. Erected for one affair, it is promptly dismantled after the guests have motored home.

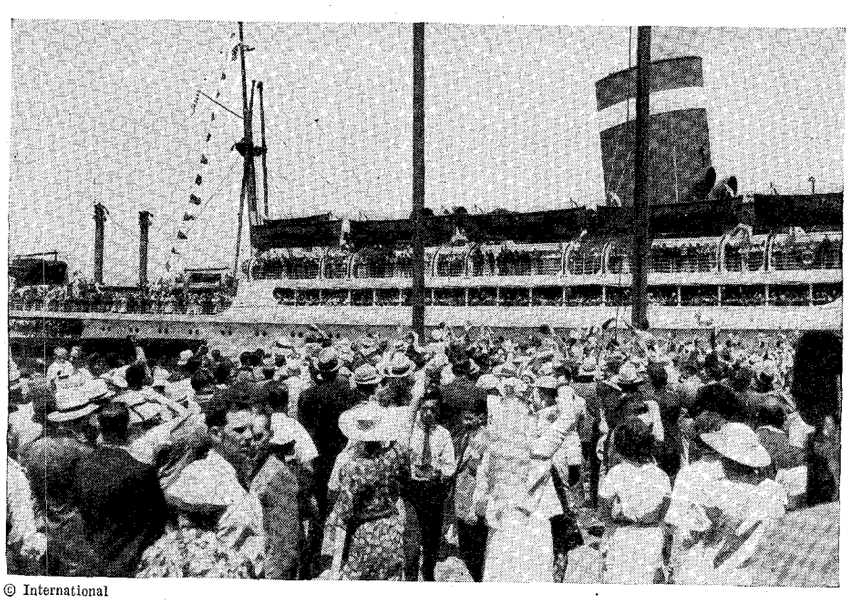
Cravats and Cutaways: As rare as $20 gold pieces were sales of $100-and-up men's suits during 1932, '33 and '34. Briskly this summer, however, they began moving from tailors' tables to depleted closets. In Chicago's La Salle Street and San Francisco's Gary Street, $110 ready-made tweeds and $150 custom-made woolens to-day are doing a handsome business.

Nor is the well-dressed man stopping there. On his back, he is putting vividly-hued sport and polo shirts; on his head, dyed straw pancake toppers and gaudily-ribboned panamas (sales of $10 panamas have leaped 50 per cent., those of $75-$100 panamas proportionately).

Jewelers-to-men are dusting off trays of cuff-links and stick-pins harking back to a fancier era. For back in favor again are double (French) cuffs and Ascots. Reappearing in growing numbers on the boulevards are solid gold pins shaped as animals, golf clubs, spurs.

Orchids and Oglers: For every $3 worth of rare flowers sold in 1935, florists in San Francisco and New York currently sell $4 worth. Reason: increased tourist ship sailings.

Indicative of new spending habits was the solution of the flower question on the airship *Hindenburg*. *Verboten* to women passengers because of space restrictions were flower baskets and centerpieces. Into the breach stepped florists with orchid corsages. At $5 to $7 the bloom, each



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The tourist trade to Europe is booming, with 40 per cent. more sailings this year than last

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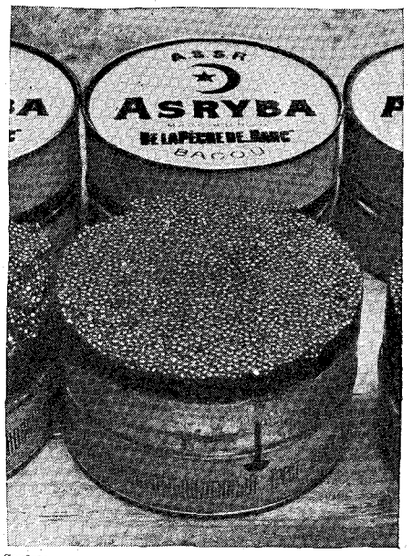


Sovfoto

Caviar: at $12 a pound, the demand for it has increased an estimated 200 per cent.

woman sported at least six corsages of two or three blooms.

Hearth and Home: From 1930 to 1935, architects considered a $16,000 job a respectable order. For this money, the architect supplied the barest necessities, shingled roof, undistinguished materials. Tumbling in currently are orders for $35,000, $45,000, $50,000 homes. Revived with home-building is the old American custom of junketing to England in search of old doors, staircases, mantels, panels.

Cruise with Bath: Most popular of the Cunard cruises this season is the nineteen-day, $550 North Cape voyage. Prior to 1934, travelers could afford neither the money nor the time.

Despite higher costs (an average of $100 added per person) and political uncertainty abroad, European sailings this season leaped 40 per cent. over the figures of last year; more Americans went abroad in June than in any month since June, 1930. All lines report sell-outs.

Cruise without Bath: Tramp Trips, Inc., arranges passage on freighters for vacationists who prefer economy to luxury. A month's cruise can cost as low as $120. Last summer Tramp Trips, Inc., sold out its accommodations completely. The current season, so great is the demand for reservations, twenty-five to fifty prospects are turned away daily.

Seal and Satin: Henri Bendel, Inc., American *couturier,* has shops in New York, Palm Beach, Southampton, Newport. At Bendel's, during the lean years, women of fashion asked to see $1,500 mink coats; now they demand "better coats" and don't mention price. The "better coats" cost to $15,000.

Bendel's sells gowns ranging from $55 for a daytime frock to $400 and more for a Paris import. Business this spring went last season 33 per cent. better.

Indicative of freer spending at other fine shops: an order for two made-to-measure, blue wool berets for two dachshunds at $35 a hat.

Pour le Sport: Abercrombie & Fitch Co., of New York, outfitters for wild game hunters, deep-sea fishers, mountain climbers, sell few necessities. Their luxuries this year topped last year's sales by 30 per cent.

Resumed after four years are sales in dude ranch equipment: boots for $26.50, Stetsons for $18, saddles for $100; deep-sea fishing gear, up to $2,000 for a full set of equipment; marine glasses at $175.

Cupid Unbound: Both to the well-to-do and the lowly, better times permit the luxury of marriage.

In New York City, 8,703 couples were wedded this June, up 12½ per cent. over June, 1935. In Chicago, 5,762 June weddings bettered the 1935 June figure by 20 per cent. In San Francisco, 805 June bridals topped last year's figure by 16 per cent. In Reno, 783 June weddings broke all records.

Grass growing in the streets? Look again —it's orchids.

ACRES OF MATCHES:

Supplying "Lights" to America, Manufacturers Protest "Dumping"

Gotta match? A man in Miami bums one, puffs at his cigarette, throws the match away. In Seattle a woman lights up the gas stove for supper, tosses the charred stick into a box. Last year Americans scratched and threw away 403,820,558,448 —3,167 per capita.

With a business like that, the American match industry ought to be happy; but there's a catch. Manufacturers can produce twice that number a year. Moreover, they have to split the home market with foreign cheap-labor competitors. And they can't sell American matches abroad. In countries like France and Germany the government owns the match monopoly, bars imports; from countries like Japan and Russia, where wages are low, manufacturers bombard the American market.

Last week the American Match Institute, trade association for the industry, struck out against ruthless Soviet match dumping in this country. In a letter to President Roosevelt the Institute's manager, F. X. A. Eble, pleaded for a tariff rise on strike-on-the-box safety matches from Russia.

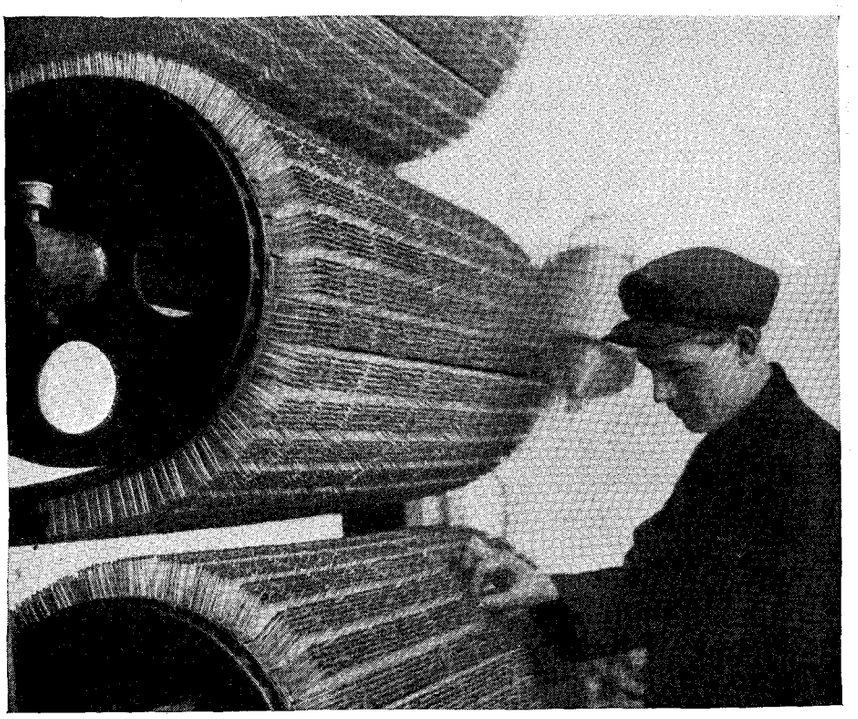
Chief cause of complaint is the low price laid down for Russian matches, which flow to the Amtorg Company of New York, the American commercial representative of the U. S. S. R. During the eleven months since the Russo-American trade pact of July, 1935, this consular invoice price has averaged 12 cents per gross (144 boxes), dropping at times to 10 cents. Added to this is a 20-cents-a-gross tariff and 11.6 cents Federal excise tax, bringing the total cost up to around 43 cents.

Distribution System — These matches reach American wholesalers and jobbers at a price of 52 cents a gross, while American matches of this type sell for 90 cents, including the 11.6-cent Federal excise tax paid by the manufacturer.

The Institute maintains that the wholesale price for Russian matches of 52 cents is very close to the cost, to the American manufacturer, of producing the competing product. It holds that the "ridiculous" invoice price to the Amtorg of 10 and 12 cents is below the Russian cost of production. And it challenges the Soviet to reveal its cost figures to the United States Treasury representatives abroad, if it wishes to prove that Russian matches are not being dumped on the American market, in violation of existing antidumping laws, which protect American industries from injury when countries attempt to gain market footholds or foreign exchange by selling products below cost.

Matches to the user seem rather unimportant in themselves. But Americans buy 8,000,000 gross boxes of strike-on-the-box safeties, or 1,152,000,000 little boxes, or 46,080,000,000 matches, every year. So, altho this type of match makes up only about one-fifth of the total consumption, the Russian competition is something for home manufacturers to think about.

Book matches—those in the paper covers —make up another one-fifth of total



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Matches—made in the U.S.S.R.—which American manufacturers assert are being "dumped" in the United States

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consumption, the old-fashioned strike-anywhere, or kitchen match, making up the remaining three-fifths. As yet, however, foreign competitors of American matchmakers have concentrated their sales efforts in this country on the box safety variety. Last year 30 per cent. of this type of match used in the United States was supplied by foreign industry, with nearly 44 per cent. of the imports coming from Russia, 31 per cent. from Japan, and the rest from Sweden and other countries.

The layman might suppose that gadget-inventors and scientists had also hurt the match business. Many housewives now cook with electricity, and even gas stoves have pilot lights that run day and night, requiring only one match for each new tenant. Central heating, too, has done away with the basement match-box beside the old-fashioned coal furnace. But other factors have come to the rescue.

For one thing, smokers in this country in 1935 consumed seventeen times as many cigarettes as in 1910, the Diamond Match Company estimates; they therefore needed 104 per cent. more "lights." On a per capita of population basis, "lights" needed for tobacco in 1925 reached 1,493 for the year, or 4.1 for every day—heavy smokers and high winds compensating for the thousands who didn't smoke anything. In 1935, the figure moved up 1,814, or five a day, possibly because more women had taken to buying cigarettes—or at least smoking them.

Cigarette smokers, tho, lean to the newer book matches—partly because they are more convenient to carry, and partly because they usually are given away with cigarettes. Incidentally, the United States is the only country in the world where matches are given away with purchases.

The reason for that is that they are paid for by the advertisers who hawk their wares on the outside and sometimes the inside of the covers. Hotels and restaurants, politicians, and even ambitious undertakers buy book matches and distribute them, after the match company has put on the advertising. Some of the larger companies, like Bromo-Seltzer, merely buy the advertising space, and let the match companies distribute the books in specified districts. They flow from wholesale jobbers to retailers, both of whom buy, and eventually to the public, which usually gets a free ride.

Dominant in the American match industry is the Diamond Match Company, whose plants alone are said to be fully capable of supplying all domestic needs.

One of the by-products of the industry not generally listed is the brisk business in matches used in lieu of pocker chips. The latest offshoot is the Match Game, invented by Stanley Walker, Managing Editor of *The New Yorker,* when he was City Editor of the New York *Herald Tribune.* No matter who loses, the matchmakers win.

HOLLYWOOD BUYS:

M-G-M and Fox Strengthen Tie-Up With Gaumont-British Films

The Brothers Schenck—Nicholas M. and Joseph M.—last week negotiated the final phases of a deal with the Brothers Ostrer—Isidore and Mark.

Because the Brothers Schenck dominate Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and 20th Century-Fox, and the Brothers Ostrer control and supervise Gaumont-British Pictures, England's largest movie producing company, the projected deal assumed international importance.

In the deal, Brother Joseph's 20th Century-Fox would sell to Brother Nicholas' M-G-M, half of 20th Century-Fox's minority interest in the $100,000,000 English film-producing corporation.

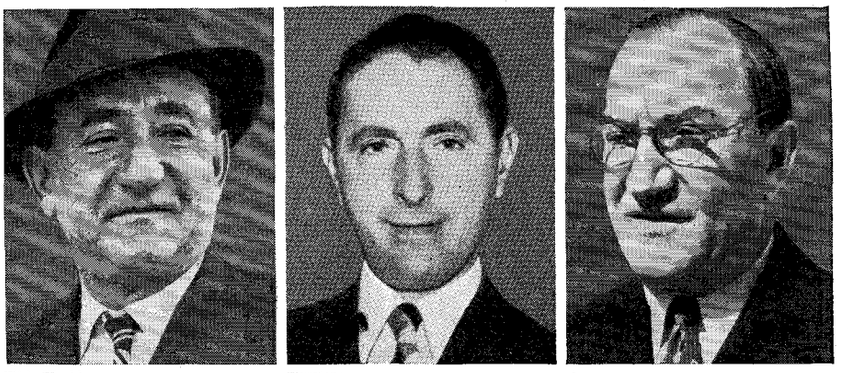
The Ostrers would retain voting control in Gaumont-British, thus scotching rumors that American producers were due to gobble up the British company.

The meat of the deal lay in the agreement to permit the British firm to avail itself of M-G-M's and 20th Century-Fox's distributing facilities, here and abroad, at "especially favorable terms." Of significance also was the agreement to permit the composed of booking offices in thirty-one cities.

With 25 per cent. pay increases, the company lured Hollywood's stars. To England went George Arliss, Victor McLaglen, Walter Huston, Helen Vinson, and, more recently, Sylvia Sydney and Paul Robeson.

G-B set a $200,000 minimum production cost on each film. On "Chu Chin Chow," with Anna May Wong, the company spent $400,000; on "Power," with Conrad Weidt, $500,000.

"The 39 Steps," with Robert Donat; "The Iron Duke," with George Arliss, and similar G-B productions made good in the United States. For the 1936-'37 season, the company plans to distribute twenty-four productions here, a 50 per cent. increase over last year.



Wide World Keystone Acme

The Brothers Schenck, Joseph M. (left) and Nicholas M. (right) made a deal with Isidore Ostrer (center) of Gaumont-British, affecting three large movie companies

American firms to avail themselves of G-B's distribution facilities and studios in England.

Generally unknown to American moviegoers is England's import law, which compels American movie producers to film one production in London for every six imported into England from Hollywood. These compulsory films have been produced as cheaply as possible, with no other thought than to incur the smallest loss.

Under the tentative agreement, however, M-G-M and Fox would utilize Gaumont studios and British and American players and technicians, to produce these "important quota" pictures "in the Hollywood manner."

Approval of the Schenck-Ostrer deal by their companies' directors was expected within a month. For half of 20th Century-Fox's interest in Gaumont, observers estimated M-G-M would pay $5,000,000.

First Newsreel—Near the turn of the century, early British cinema fans gaped at the world's first newsreel, the Gaumont Graphic, projected on a screen in a shop near Charing Cross, London. Behind the projecting machine was H. Leon Gaumont, freshly arrived from Paris to make his fortune with films and projectors, produced in France.

The war cramped expansion, and in 1921 Gaumont sold out to the Brothers Ostrer, merchant bankers. Promptly the Ostrers merged production, equipment and distribution units into the Gaumont-British Corporation.

Until 1934, American moviegoers knew little of G-B. Then the British producers invaded America in earnest, investing $22,000,000 in a distributing organization

The Ostrers confute Hollywood and Broadway conviction that picture men alone can succeed as executives in pictures. Unlike the Schencks, who grew with the movie industry, the Ostrers hail from the counting house; for several generations Ostrers have been prominent in merchant banking and on the London Stock Exchange.

Isidore Ostrer, G-B's president, has other interests than movies and banking, not the least of them the *Sunday Referee,* selling for "tuppence" and "beloved of the sporting and dramatic world of London." As an economist, Isidore is the father of Ostrer's Law of Interest and of the Ostrer Commodity Gold Standard.

As Russian immigrant boys, Joseph and Nicholas Schenck wanted to be pharmacists. They started as errand boys, and before long owned a drug store apiece. Soon they also owned Palisades Park at Fort Lee, New Jersey, where they built the first scenic railway. They invested in two theaters, and with the late Marcus Loew became partners in Loew Theatrical Enterprises, Inc.

To-day Joseph Schenck's 20th Century-Fox operates the largest film plant in the world, 110 Hollywood acres. No pygmy either is the roaring lion of Nicholas Schenck's M-G-M. Metro's "Mutiny on the Bounty" cost more than any other picture in history, $2,000,000.

To observers, the projected deal with G-B meant that the Brothers Schenck were looking ahead once more.

By allying themselves more closely with the British concern, they staked a portion of their resources on television. G-B is the biggest stockholder in Baird Television, London.

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Mail

(Continued from page 3)

strange complex of lionizing and glorifying those brutes who claim our front pages and pocketfuls of hard-earned dollars?

If bull-fighting had been initiated some two years ago, would it not have helped largely to solve the problem of surplus cattle?

ALFONSO RIERA.

San Antonio, Texas.

Beg Pardon

Sir:—We refer to quotation from *The Mitchell Daily Republic* in a recent issue under the heading "Farming Crisis" and we call your attention to the fact that this is credited to "The Mitchell Daily Republican." The name of the paper was changed two years ago to *The Daily Republic*.

W. R. RONALD,
Manager, *The Daily Republic*.

Mitchell, South Dakota.

League of Nations

Sir:—One would imagine that the United States, as well as the majority of civilized countries, would show some regret at the failure of the League of Nations to enforce peace in Africa. Such is not the case, however, as the great majority of papers in this country, including THE LITERARY DIGEST, instead of expressing regret, spend their time emphasizing the "humiliating" position of the League and the triumph of Mussolini. I am sure many readers of THE DIGEST would be interested in hearing from your foreign commentator just why the League should feel humiliated by failing to prevent the rape of Ethiopia.

It would seem to be better at least to make an attempt to prevent the war and fail in the attempt than to stand by and do nothing, as did the United States.

ETHEL M. RYDER.

Yakima, Washington.

Capital Punishment

Sir:—On page 7 of your July 18 issue, you state that hanging is the method of execution in Washington.

I understood that capital punishment had been abolished in that State. Which of us is correct?

JAMES EARL ROPER.

Knoxville, Tennessee.

["The World Almanac" for 1936 states that hanging is the penalty for murder in the State of Washington.—EDITOR.]

Radio Awards

Sir:—I read with much interest the article in a recent issue of THE DIGEST, on the awards made by the Women's National Radio Committee. The winners, in my opinion, deserved the awards.

However, the following paragraph from the article amused me:

"No award was made this year for the best program of serious music, Mme. Mero-Irion explained, because no program of this nature was considered *'up to the standards of high musical leadership set by the committee.'*"

Let us consider the organizations which have presented the American public the more serious type of music, by means of radio, during the past season. In the non-commercial group we find that the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, and the Metropolitan Opera Company made weekly broadcasts, while the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra made occasional broadcasts. The finest orchestra in existence is one of the three orchestras mentioned, and the Metropolitan Opera Company is unrivaled. The leaders of these organizations are the finest obtainable. Likewise the music they play is of the highest quality. In the commercial group we find the General Motors Concerts and the Ford Concerts. Both programs presented superb music, were played by experts, and were directed by masters.

In view of these facts, I wonder what type of program would be "up to the standards of high musical leadership set by the committee." While I realize that a group may set up its own standards for judging a subject, I wonder if that statement, concerning the high musical standards of the committee, was not made to lend dignity to the committee and to prevent any one from thinking that the true reason (the most plausible one also) was that the committee did not care for the serious type of music.

F. M. O'DONNELL.

South Boston, Massachusetts.

[WNRC awards go only to programs especially prepared for radio, "since the object of our yearly contest is to encourage the presentation of better radio programs." The Boston Symphony, the Metropolitan Opera, the New York Philharmonic, and the Philadelphia Symphony were not included in the balloting, had to be content with a figurative pat on the back by the awards committee.

General Motors took the award last year, got most votes this year, but "the standard of General Motors this year was considerably below its standard last year," said the judges. "It would be inconsistent with our objectives to single out for high honor a program which had slipped backward." No award was made. Honorable mention went to the Ford Symphony.—*Editor*.]

Preparedness

Sir:—You ought to be heartily ashamed of yourself for publishing such articles as "America: Ready for War or Helpless?" with which you led off a recent issue. In so doing you made yourself just as guilty of spreading war scares as are the jingos you criticize.

Moreover, while I approve the restrained tone of the article, it is none the less written on a definitely militaristic bias, and even mild militaristic biases are to be deplored.

This country would actually be far safer from attack if the War Department would abandon its stubborn policy of "second to none." By arming the United States to the teeth as a defense against other nations, what the War Department is really accomplishing is making the other nations jittery about *their* danger of being attacked by *us*.

Since offensive and defensive weapons of war are identical, it could hardly be otherwise. If you prepare for war, sooner or later you are going to get it; the tragedy of the thing is that the people can't see that *now*, while it is still not too late.

DUANE MAGILL.

Grand Junction, Colorado.

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Azaña — President of Spain—*ah-thahn'yah*.

Gil Robles—anti-republic leader—*heel ro'bless*.

Giral Pereira—new Spanish premier—with rolled *r's: heer-rahl' peh-rreh'rra*.

Goded—captured rebel leader—as if written *go-deth'*.

Indalecio Prieto — Spanish Socialist chieftain—the full name: *in-dah-leth'ee-o pree'eh-toe*.

Primo de Rivera—young Fascist leader—as if *pree'mo day rree-veh'rra*.

Sanjurjo—recent monarchist general—as if spelled *sahn-hoor'hoe*.

Slips That Pass in Type

BZZ—Conversation Drive Opened.—*Los Angeles paper.*

Back-seat drivers should win at a walk.

The policemen—600 uniformed and 100 plainclotes men—had been detailored to Harlem.—*Kingston (Ont.) paper.*

Autumn shades.

Wanted—A job with not much work and good pay; am lazy, don't want to work, but have to.—*Washington (D. C.) paper.*

Want to help our office boy?

Mild—
55 ARE HURT IN NICE RIOT
—*Marion (Ind.) paper.*

Good, clean fun.

As it was, the elder K———, 65, stumbled through the unshored shaft all night while the 24 miners were trapped between the wheelbarrow handles.—*Muncie (Ind.) paper.*

W.P.A.?

An eight-pound blue shark, weighing 500 pounds, hurled itself into the fishing boat of S——— W———.—*Newark paper.*

And he grew—and he grew—

A fantastic far eastern trek of Aloha W———, was described to-day by mysteriously slain Capt. Walter W———.—*Tulsa (Okla.) paper.*

Ghost story.

V——— D——— C———, radio soprano, will be soloist with the Chicago Symphoney orchestra.—*Chicago paper.*

A good falsetto might put them over.

After the training period was concluded Miss B——— went in groups into rural communities in thirty different states.—*Burlington (N. J.) paper.*

We had a model-T Ford, once, that went that way.

Others noted at their tables were Dr. and Mrs. G——— L———, the lat- and Mrs. E——— Y———, Mrs. Y——— ter in a pink flowered dress; Mr. in a smart black chiffon trimmed with white lace.—*Rochester paper.*

Big show-off!

BUTTERED CARROTS

Place peeled beats in covered pan with seasoning and ½ cup water and cooked with oven meal. When cooked add butter.—*Miami paper.*

Funny—it tastes just like spinach.

"In various countries of the world in the past, privileged classes have often acted in such a way as to make gradual change impossible and have percipitated violent action."—*Charlotte (N. C.) paper.*

Undoubtedly by the dirty Reds.

Displaying her well-filled pantry in a demonstration this week for club members, Mrs. W——— revealed that she has canned a total of five persons for a year's time.—*Harlingen (Texas) paper.*

That's enough to jar anybody.

The astonished crowd fell back and C——— walked directly to the truck in which his former sweetheart was sitting.

Without uttering a word, he leveled his automobile at Mrs. M——— and fired.—*Evansville (Ind.) paper.*

She was exhausted.

While enjoying a dip in the pool at the M——— Country Club on Monday evening a sneak thief entered the women's locker room and removed a diamond ring from the locker of Mrs. W——— R———, of Lansford.—*Palmerton (Pa.) paper.*

Thus breaking the pool record for fancy dipping.

The private study section of the State Nurses' Association, Thursday, at 2:30 o'clock, at the H——— G——— Hotel.

Dr. F——— B——— will speak.

Air has weight—about a pound to every 12 cubic feet.

How about the price of eggs in China?

Military honors were accorded T. J. K———, of A———, World War veteran, who was accidentally drowned Monday in the C——— River, while seeking relief from the heat, during his funeral and committal services yesterday afternoon.—*Boston paper.*

A man can't be sure he's dead until he's buried.

"I only did what any other special constable would have done," Dick was quoed as saying. "Bu I hanked my lucky sars for my naval raining, which gave me jus ha exra quickness so needed on such occasions."—*New York paper.*

Just the same, will send for the marines.

A suburban real estate boom appears inevitable. 15 to 20 million dollars will purchase nearly 100 acres of beautiful rolling land about 2¾ miles w. of M———, on new highway. Bus, schools and other conveniences. There is risk in this investment, but a tremendous profit is sure.—*Minneapolis paper.*

Just a piker's game.

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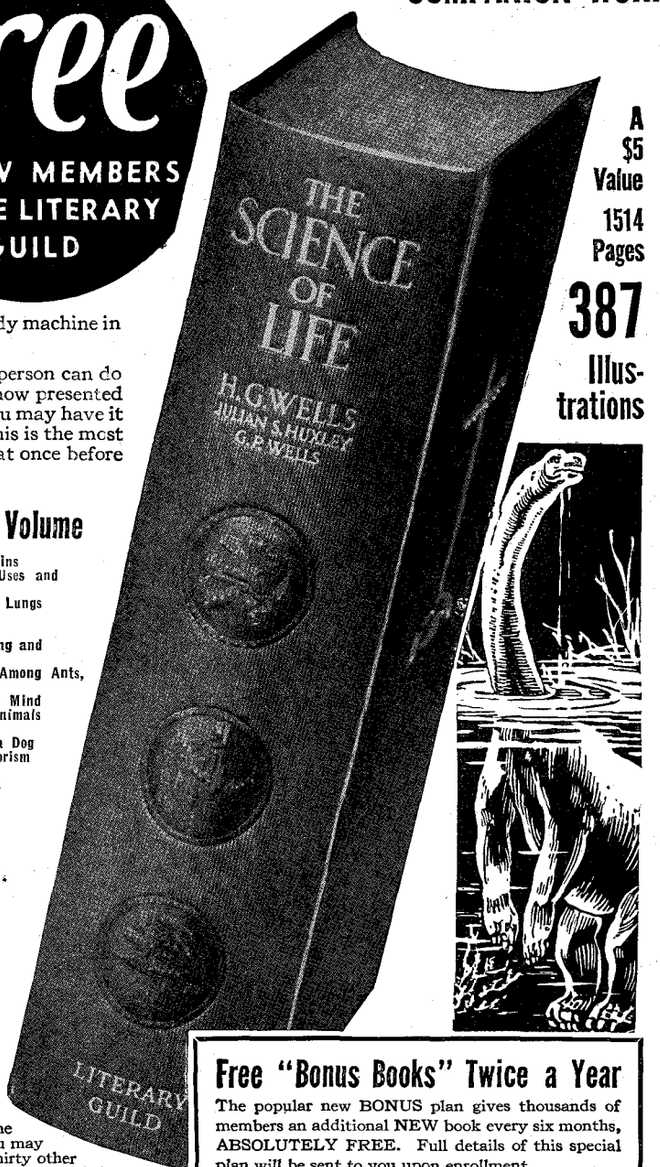

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